

The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

From the N.Y. Mirror.

TO A MUSICAL BOX.

By Miss Fanny Kemble.

Poor little sprite! in that dark, narrow cell,
Caged, by the law of man's restless night;
With thy sweet, liquid tones, by some strong spell,
Compelled to minister to his delight!
Whence—what art thou?—Art thou a fairy wight,
Caught sleeping in some lady's snowy belt,
Where thou hadst crept, to rock in the moonlight,
And drink the starry dew-drops as they fell?
Say, dost thou think, sometimes when thou art singing,
Of thy wild haunt upon the mountain's brow,
Where thou wert wont to list the heath-bells ringing,
And sail upon the sunset's amber glow?
When thou art weary of thy oft-told theme,
Say, dost thou think of the clear, pebbly stream,
Upon whose mossy brink thy fellows play,
Dancing in circles by the moon's soft beam,
Hiding in blossoms from the sun's fierce gleam,
Whilst thou, in darkness, sing'st thy life away?
And canst thou feel when the spring-time returns,
Filling the earth with fragrance and with gloe,
When in the wide creation nothing mourns,
Of all that lives, save that which is not free?
Oh, if thou canst, and we could hear thy prayer,
How would thy little voice, beseeching, cry
For one short draught of the fresh morning air,
For one short glimpse of the clear, azure sky!
Perchance thou sing'st in hopes thou shalt be free?
Sweetly and patiently thy task fulfilling;
While thy sad thoughts are wandering with the bee,
To every bud, with honey dew distilling.
That hope is vain: for even couldst thou wing
Thy homeward flight back to the greenwood gay;
Thou'dst be a shunn'd and a forsaken thing,
'Midst the companions of thy happier day.
For fairy elves, like many other creatures,
Bear fleeting memories, that come and go;
Nor can they oft recall familiar features,
By absence touched, or clouded o'er with woe.
Then, rest content with sorrow: for there be
Many, who must that lesson learn with thee;
And still thy wild notes warble cheerfully,
Till, when thy tiny voice begins to fail,
For thy lost bliss, sing but one parting wail,
Poor little sprite! and then sleep silently.

For the Constellation.

MR. EDITOR,—I am a great admirer of those ephemeral productions called newspapers; they are the brief chronicles of passing events. Some are exclusively adapted to the purposes of the Politician and the Merchant; others there are of a literary character, exhibiting to our view memoirs of departed worth and furnishing extracts from valuable works which tend to impress the mind with a love of literature, or stamp upon the heart some useful moral. These latter publications are peculiarly suited to the reading of the rising generation. Fathers and guardians cannot always place (nor would it be proper) in the hands of the young, ponderous volumes of history and logic, by reading which much valuable time would be lost, the memory encumbered with matter of no intrinsic worth, and the grand end to be attained, "Truth," surrounded with difficulties, and its pursuit attended with danger. An ancient classical writer says, "A great book is a great evil," and I think Mr. Addison admitted the fact when he published those beautiful Essays (to which men of splendid talent contributed) under the appropriate name of *Spectator*. These sprightly productions, so full of wit and humour, but established on truth, were gilded pills intended to expel from the then extensive community those habits and pursuits which engendered vice and

nourished profligacy. The literary papers of the present day should abound with similar writings. The exposition of vice, and the cultivation of virtue, are duties incumbent on every patriotic and good man, and I conceive that the Editor of a newspaper never serves his country better, than when with unflinching front, joined to steady observation and sound judgment, he hesitates not to lay bare the follies of mankind, in an agreeable fable, or applaud the virtues of his fellow-men in the rich rewards and honors of an ideal Hero. Our country is a vast garden, and flowers and weeds indiscriminately spring around—to eradicate the latter—to cultivate and train the former, ought to be the first and great object of a free press.

While we admit the truth—that freedom of discussion coincides with Liberty in all its bearings!—while we can conceive that it is necessary to the well-being of a free people, that their government should tolerate a free press—we cannot but deplore that the press is, and always must be, a fountain, sending forth sweet and bitter waters. Seeing then that this mighty Engine is capable not only of informing the understanding, and improving the mind, but also of disseminating the seeds of infidelity and vice! surely it behoves every man who loves his kindred, who values social order, and who reveres his country's laws, to set his face as a flint against the various vicious publications of the day, and to support that portion of the press only, which has for its aim the promotion of virtue, and the suppression of vice. So long, Mr. Editor, as your paper is conducted on these principles, so long will it shine (a Constellation indeed) to improve the young, and amuse the aged. When furnishing your varied table and catering for all ages and capacities, I may now and then be vain enough to send you a dish which perchance may suit the palate of some of your numerous readers, and conduce to their benefit, should you think me worthy a corner in your paper. I beg to subscribe myself

Your admirer and well wisher, OBSERVER.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

MR. JUSTICE ASHURST.—The redness of the face of this gentleman led to many jokes at his expense. Although the senior Judge, he was too indolent to take an active share of the business, and suffered Justice Buller to assume the lead in every question that came before the Court. This was noticed by the bar, and one of them having remarked to Mr. Cowper, the King's Counsel, how Mr. Justice Buller trespassed on Mr. Justice Ashurst, "Poh," says Cowper, "that's nothing, don't you see," pointing to Judge Ashurst's face, "how he himself gives color to the trespass."—*Fraser's Mag.*

FEMINE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.—Some smart lasses came in during the evening, most of whom took a smoke with the landlord and the landlady, passing the short black pipe from one to the other. Disgusting as the practice is, it is not so much so as one in common use in Maryland, of girls taking a "rubber" of snuff—that is, taking as much snuff as will lie on the end of a forefinger out of a box, and rubbing it round the inside of the mouth.—*Pickering's Guide to Canada.*

YESTERDAY.

Pale pilgrim of the heavens, that late didst glide
With sunbeam-staff the violet vales along,
Where fountains of fresh dew gushed up in song,
To bathe thy golden feet, and then subside—
Last wave that sparkled on Time's ebbing tide—
How are thy bright limbs laid amid the throng
Of vanished days, that drooped o'er earthly wrong,
Seeing how virtue is to vice allied,
And vanished blushing! Sad Yesterday!
Night's winding-sheet is round thee, and the eyes
That found a health—or fever—in thy ray,
And thoughtfully perused on evening skies
Thine elegy, star-lettered,—now away
Turn their brief thoughts of thee, and thus men moralize.
Blanchard's "Lyric Offerings."

A ROYAL COOK.—Seated on the most splendid throne of the east, Mahomet II. practised the austerity of a hermit. Applying all his revenues to the exigencies of the state, he continued to earn by the pen his own support, which was limited to a supply of the humblest necessities. He not only rejected the vain and culpable privilege of a numerous serag-

lio, and confined himself to one wife, but he compelled that lady to discharge the most menial functions. Even when her majesty complained that she burned her fingers in the process of cooking, and asked for a maiden to aid her in that humble task, he rejected the request.—*Cob. Lib.: Hist. Brit. India.*

DANTE IN HIS YOUTH.—Not being obliged by necessity to pursue any profession, and preferring independence to wealth, he seems to have given himself up from his earliest years to the free indulgence of his natural taste, and to have loved poetry and philosophy solely for the inexhaustible treasures they opened to his mind. Nor was it, even in his youth, his imagination only that he sought to gratify in these pursuits; he endeavoured, under the veil of fiction, to discover the divine features of truth, and the solemn visions of religion seem to have held dominion over his thoughts long before they were transferred to his poetry. It appears also that when still very young he entered the order of Minor Friars; but his mind, though strongly inclined to speculative theology, was too active for either the studies or life of a monk, and he never completed his novitiate.—*Lives of the Italian Poets.*

WIT AND HUMOR.—Wit is the philosopher's quality,—humor the poet's; the nature of wit relates to things, humor to persons. Wit utters brilliant truths, humor delicate deductions from the knowledge of individual character. Rochefoucault is witty, the Vicar of Wakefield is the model of humor.—*Bulwer.*

THE SEA.

The Sea, the Sea, the Summer Sea!

No tempests o'er it sweep;

But, calm as childhood's gentle rest,

The placid waters sleep.

The Nautilus, in mimic pride,

The balmy breezes greet;

Lo! where it spreads its purple sail,

And steers its fairy fleet!

The sunset cloud, the crescent moon,

The rock, the tower, the tree,

Mirror'd in magic beauty seem—

The Sea, the Summer Sea!

The Sea, the Sea, the Winter Sea!

When storm-clouds are abroad,

And tempests howl and billows rise,

And Nature's self is awed.

The thunder rolls, the lightnings flash,

The skies in anger frown,

While 'mid the elemental strife,

The shattered ship goes down.

For 'tis, indeed, an awful hour

Of dread solemnity,

When Death, with shadowy footstep, treads

The Sea, the Winter Sea!

Brandreth's "Minstrel Melodias."

VOCAL CLOCK.—On Monday, April 27, 1763, being at Lurgan, in Ireland, I embraced the opportunity, which I had long desired, of talking with Mr. Miller, the contriver of the statue which was in Lurgan when I was there before. It was the figure of an old man standing in a case with a curtain drawn before him, over against a clock, which stood on the opposite side of the room. Every time the clock struck he opened the door with one hand, drew back the curtain with the other, turned his head, as if looking round on the company, and then said, with a clear, loud, articulate voice, "past one, or two, or three," and so on. But so many came to see this, (the like of which all allowed was not to be seen in Europe) that Mr. Miller was in danger of being ruined, not having time to attend to his own business. So, as none offered to purchase it, or reward him for his pains, he took the whole machine to pieces.—*Wesley's Journal.*

THE NEAPOLITANS.—They talk louder than any other people in the world. This is no doubt in part to be attributed to the necessity of speaking very loud in the streets in order to make themselves heard. The habit of loud conversation, thus acquired, is carried on in all their intercourse with each other.—Every bargain made by a shop-keeper with a customer you would think was a pitched battle between them. They are remarkable too for their gesticulation. The ancient Romans could scarcely have out-done them in this respect. If a Neapolitan wishes to

tell his neighbour he is a jackass, he has only to shut his hands, cross his wrists, and stick up his thumbs, and the business is done. So extensive is their language of signs, that an intelligent ecclesiastic, the superintendent of the public library in the *Studi*, informed me he was engaged in the composition of a dictionary of them.—*Wiles' Two Years in the Navy.*

FRANCIS I.

I passed him in his train,

The gathering crowd thronging and clamouring
Around him, stuning him with benedictions,
And stifling him with love and fumes of garlic!
He, with an air he knows so well to don,
With cap in hand, and his click chestnut hair
Fann'd from his forehead, bowing to his saddle,
Smiling and nodding, cursing at them too
For hindering his progress—while his eye,
His eagle eye, well vers'd in such discernment,
Ro'd through the crowd, and ever lighted where
Some pretty ankle, clad in woollen hose,
Peep'd from beneath a short round petticoat.
Or where some wealthy burgher's buxom dame,
Deck'd out in all her high-day splendour, stood
Shewing her gossips the gold chain, which lay
Cradled upon a bosom, whiter far
Than the pure lawn that kerchiefed it.

Miss Kemble's *Francis I.*

A DISCRIMINATING MONKEY.—An industrious German in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, before the revolution, had laid up a considerable sum of money in guineas, (at that time the common and favorite currency of the country.) His gains were chiefly obtained by carrying milk to market every morning, for twenty-five years. Hearing of the death of a near relative in Germany, of whose property he was the heir, he determined to quit his milk-cart, take ship, and re-visit the land of his fathers. Accordingly, having put on board his most valuable effects, deposited in a pine chest, and having also embarked an American bison, for the purpose, as he expressed it, of "making de show mit his buffalo"—he set sail. "Dere vater said be," ein mun in ter sleep, I dono vat to tel him he vas; dey call him *Mungy*—I send a green little man! To this animal, which was a monkey, the German, from the beginning, showed his most decided aversion. He could not endure his mischievous grimaces, and the monkey seemed to have a sense of revenge in doing all sorts of ill turns, and practising his most contemptible mimicry on the German. One day when the latter had opened his chest, and taken out a bag, of which he was busy in fingering and counting over the contents, a sudden and strange noise on deck so alarmed him, that he ran up to see what was the matter, dropping his bag in the open chest. After ascertaining that there was no cause of alarm, he was descending to the cabin, when he saw Mungy ascending the rigging, grasping his own bag of guineas! The German roared for help, and the sailors went aloft to rescue the bag, but Jacko skipped from rope to rope, and perching safely on the extremity of the yard began to overhaul the contents of the bag, while the poor German watched his motions with a breathless anxiety. "Mungy put his hand in de bag, and take mine guinea; he put him to his nose, den chatter, chatter, chatter, and drop him in de vatter! take another, chatter, chatter, chatter, and drop him in de bag; take another and chatter, chatter, chatter, and drop him in de vatter; I wonder how de teivel de turn Mungy know dat I put vatter in de milk; for vat belongt to de vatter, he give to de vatter, and vat belongt to de milk he put in der bag."

After the monkey had amused himself sufficiently at the German's expense, and separated the milk from the water, being left to himself, he quietly descended and replaced the bag in the chest.—*Fandania Whig.*

ANECDOTE OF LORD BROGHAM.—The Earl of Munster, it is well known, is a bookseller's hack, and is the author of one or two very unsaleable productions. He sometimes, on the faith of his works, affects the character of a literary man, and the other day had the audacity to do so in the presence of the Lord Chancellor. The conversation turned on the art of punctuation, and the use of the colon, "which point," Munster said, "should be used only when the sense is at an end, and what follows might be left out as unnecessary." The Chancellor replied, "I see, my Lord, you perfectly understand the subject, and of course when you again sit down to write, you will begin with a colon."

MISCELLANY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

MEMOIR BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

(Continued.)

Scott was believed to be at work on a new poem, when the world was suddenly astonished at the appearance of a warrior in the lists of literary adventure, who, like the Black Knight in 'Ivanhoe,' chose not only to fight with his beaver down, but refused to raise it and show himself, when he had overcome all opponents. This was the author of 'Waverley.' Many, it is true, were quite satisfied who the magician was, who wrought these marvels, though he continued invisible amid the circle where he performed his enchantments. In ten thousand whispers, it was stated to be Scott; one remembered a story, which he related to the poet, now wrought into 'Waverley'; another had told him a curious story of wit, and here it was embodied for ever and ever; while others, had helped him to incidents equally strange and extraordinary. Another class were content to point out the quarry and the grave, where he had found stone and timber, for the new gods of public idolatry. Some, however, were heard to argue against the probability of Sir Walter being the author, because, said they, 'Waverley' followed too close upon the 'Lord of the Isles,' to be the offspring of the same hand; nay, when one of these positive gentlemen insisted that it was not even a Scotchman who wrote the novel, and his friend pointed out touches of character, which required a long residence in the north to master, he smartly answered, "Not at all necessary, Sir, to go to Scotland to study the character—did Milton go to Hell to study devils?"

The origin of these magnificent fictions is curious. "In the year 1805," says Scott, "I threw together about one-third part of the volume of 'Waverley.' It was advertised to be published by the late Mr. John Ballantyne, under the name of 'Waverley'; or, 'The Forty Years' Struggle,' a title afterwards altered to 'The Sixty Years' Struggle,' that the actual date of publication might correspond with the period in which the scene was laid. Having proceeded as far, I think, as the second chapter, I showed my work to a critical friend, whose opinion was unfavourable, and having then a more partial reputation, I was unwilling to risk the rest of it by attempting a new style of composition. I therefore threw aside the work I had commenced, and sought other assistance or encouragement. This notion of the manuscript was laid aside in the drawer of an old writing desk, which on my first coming to Abbotsford in 1811, was placed in a lumber closet, and entirely forgotten. Thus, though I sometimes indulged my thoughts to the continuation of the romance, yet, as I could not find what I had already written, and was too indolent to attempt to write it anew from memory, I was often left aside all thoughts of that nature." Still the subject had held of his fancy, and it was with no small pleasure that he discovered accidentally, whilst seeking for a missing tackle for a friend, the long list manuscript: he thought, he said, without being so presumptuous as to hope to equal the rich humour, pathetic tenderness, and wisdom of the old friend Miss Edgeworth, that he might be able to do something for Scotland, like what she had done for Ireland; and he hoped to pick up for want of talent by his knowledge of the language of the people. A conclusion which he wrote for himself, 'Queen-Hall Hall' had also, it seems, a share in this new inspiration. In truth, Scott appears willing to impute these resources to any cause save the true one—namely, a burning desire for higher fame, and a wish to scotch down the spirit within him, which raged like a chained demon, untrammelled by a fresh work.

When Napoleon escaped from Elba, and appeared at Paris with a hundred thousand men at his back, the world was scarcely more agitated, than the people of Britain were, when 'Waverley' burst upon them. The more learned and critical portion of the country did not seem to relish it much at first; and I heard a gentleman affirm, who is now long in his prime, that the only humorous passage in 'Waverley,' is where Mrs. Macdewey cries out to the Baron of Bradwardine and Balmawhapple, "Will ye fight, Sirs, in a poor widow's house, and see meuckle guid tea laid in the country?" Nay, Hadfield, of whom I hoped better things, assured me that he had not read any of the 'Waverley' Novels till Rob Roy came out, when he found that he could no longer carry on conversation without quoting or alluding to them. Critics examined the work by rule, and finding that all the parts were not proportioned to a sort of epic scale, which serves them instead of natural judgment, pronounced it defective, while the less learned portion of the community, who consider all excellent which delights them, admitted 'Waverley' into their bosoms at once. It was no difficult matter to perceive the high qualities of the work. The scenes on which he displayed his dramatic personae, were the mountain and the flood; the characters which he introduced were generally of a noble or heroic order; the incidents which he related, had the double charm of a domestic and public interest, and the whole was grouped and thrown together with singular freedom and truth. The Baron of Bradwardine, Ferrius Mac Ivor, Colonel Talbot, Madame Nossah, Duncan Macwhistle, Duke Gellatly, Donald Bean Lean, and gifted Giffan, seem all personal acquaintances; we never think of them as airy abstractions. "I have seldom felt more satisfaction," said Sir Walter, "than when, returning from a pleasure voyage, I found 'Waverley' in the zenith of popularity, and public curiosity in full cry after the name of the author." To preserve the

incognito, Ballantyne had the original manuscript transcribed; the corrections by Scott were copied by his friend, for the printers, and so the work went on; nor was there a single instance of faithlessness on the part of those who, from their situation, possessed themselves of the secret.

The public admiration was nothing abated about 'Waverley'; when 'Guy Mannering' made its appearance. The characters were of a different stamp—the story was of a domestic nature—and the true heroes and heroines were shepherds, and gipsies, and smugglers. The country claimed Andrew Dinmont, Dirk Hatteraick, Sheriff Pleydell, and Meg Merrilies, as familiar acquaintances; they had hunted and fought with the first—dealt with the second—played at high jinks, or taken down a deposition with the third—or bought horn spoons and had their fortune told by the fourth;—nay, they knew Gilbert Glassin himself; had partaken of the ale and toasted cake at Mrs. Macandlish's; and were certain as the sun shone of having heard the story of the birth of young Bertram from Jack Jakes, as he drove them in a post-chaise along the wild roads of Galloway. Many a fair sheet has been printed on the subject of the prototype of Meg Merrilies; and the author himself relates the story of a gipsy wife who rivalled Meg herself in generosity; I think I see something like the outward woman of the Galloway slyly in the beggar woman of Woodworth.

Her skin was of Egyptian leopards;

Her eyes, and her nose, had been

I soon felt to be a dangerous thing,

And so off and on for a space.

To tempt those ancient American folk,

Over the mountains and among the Great Salt Lake.

It is a noteworthy matter, that while Scott was pouring out romance after romance, Lord Byron was pouring out poem after poem; the prose of the one and the poetry of the other were so popular, and at the same time so excellent, that no other author could obtain a hearing. It was also curious to remark, that as Byron had certainly beaten Scott by song, so as regards the Scott was vanquishing his Lordship by prose; for I think on one will contend, that the poems of the one were ever so popular with all ranks as the novels of the other. The title of 'The Antiquary' puzzled the public a little when announced; and I am not sure that it was so general a favourite at first as it became afterwards, when the fever of a first period was over, and a second reading and reflection came. The Antiquary himself, the Mucklebuckets, and Edie Ochiltree, are all masterly originals; there is less bustle and less action than in 'Waverley'; but there is the same living life, the same truth of nature, and now and then something more life and substance than aught the author had hitherto done. The scene in which Miss Waverley is rescued from the tide, and more particularly the chanting of the ballad of the Harlaw by the Mucklebuckets, are without a parallel in the language, unless the latter can be matched with that which we find in 'Old Mortality,' where Morton is condemned to death by the Covenanters, and Habbakuk Mucklebuckets anticipates the hour of execution by setting forward the clock.

To conceal the hand that penned so rapidly these charming fictions, Scott still gently kept the field as an author, and not only wrote a poem on the battle of Waterloo, but a prose account of that memorable strife, which far exceeds the description he afterwards inserted in his 'Life of Napoleon.' The poem, though full of the wild wind of battle, and vivid and animated in an extreme degree, not with a sharp reception from the critics;—not so Paul's prose relation, which, coming without a name, and evidently the work of one who had made inquiries among the chief officers, and mastered all the incidents and localities of Waterloo, was greeted with much cheering and many welcomes. During this busy period all writers seemed busy save Scott;—to these friends who visited him he was seldom invisible. He performed the duties of a friend to his friends—of a father to his children—of a master to his household—and of a sheriff to the county—nothing differences and healing discord; and did not at all appear oppressed with these duties; he still was at leisure, and found time to arrange and publish the Poems of Anna Seward, the Life and Works of Swift, Lord Somers's Tracts, Sir Ralph Sadler's State Papers, and the Border Antiquities of England and Scotland. All this strengthened the arguments of those—and they were many—who refused to believe that he was the author of the 'Waverley' Novels. Several persons, to whom, either in seriousness or derision, they were attributed, put on a look of reserve and mystery, and talked in the manner of men embarrassed by a secret, of which they dread the discovery. All this must have been amusing in a high degree to such a man as Scott, who had an eye and an ear for the ridiculous, and could enjoy the absurdities of his friends and acquaintances without seeming moved.

It was a new pleasure to the tourist, in the enjoyment of the scenery of the 'Lady of the Lake,' the 'Lord of the Isles,' and 'Waverley,' to have 'Rob Roy' put into their hands. With his foot once more on the heather, and the bonnet on his brow, the author seemed inspired with fresh spirit; Rob Roy himself, Bailie Jarvie, Andrew Fairservice, the Dougal creature, and the Obaldistones, one and all, were welcomed as additions to the great national stock of imaginary characters. One of the charms of the work was Diana Vernon, the beautiful daughter of Cheviot; her extreme loveliness—her singular tenderness and freedom of character—her wit and her playfulfulness—and, more than all, her fine sense and warmth of heart captivated even critics, who could not help confessing that, though she had too much boldness of manner, she

was the sweetest and best of all the author's female creation. I remember, after her appearance on horseback, all our London ladies, who could trust themselves off their feet, turned equestrians, and the drives and roads were filled with trotting and galloping Dianes.

'Old Mortality' followed 'Rob Roy.' There is perhaps finer discrimination of character in it than in any of its companions; the author felt that he had a difficult game to play; the Cameronians still existed as a body, with many old prejudices, and were likely to resent any deviation from historic accuracy; and, what was still more important, the whole body of Presbyterians, though disliking the exclusive tenets of Cameron and Cargill, believed them right in resisting persecution; in fact, they look upon the battles of Airds-Moss and Bothwell Brigg, as fought in the great cause of Calvinism against Lutheranism; and are disposed to be touchy, whenever such matters are otherwise than gently handled. When I add to all this, that Scott himself was a member of the suffering remnant of the episcopal church, and was consequently considered as no great lover of those who preferred to drink at the well-spring of Calvin, I have said enough to show, that a story, which involved the characters of the chief leaders, was likely to be keenly, and even curiously examined. He has, however, delineated the characters of Burley on the one side, and of Glaverhouse on the other, with wonderful life and truth;—both shudders of blood without mercy or remorse, at the call of mistaken honour, or misunderstood religion; both eminently brave and skilful;—one fighting for princes, who merited no such support—and the other for a party who afterwards disowned him; and both perishing according to characters—Burley in a bloody, but obscure skirmish, and the fiery Glaverhouse in a stern battle, with the sound of victory in his ear. Lord Evandale and Morton represent the more generous and amiable qualities of the factions, while Niel Blane stands between both, and decants his ale, and plays on the pipes to either. Poor meek and generous Bessy Macdewey qualifies the more fiery and eloquent Mause Headie, and Jenny Davidson and the gallant Cuddie keep up an image of true love and domestic attachment, seasoned with matchless humour and naïveté and self-diffidence. The figure of that intrepid preacher, Macdunnachie, is ever before us, when we think of sermons in the fields; and the eloquent maxims of Habbakuk Mucklebuckets ring frequently in our ears. The Cameronians were not at all offended at the notice taken of their leaders, and the sentiments imputed to them; they recognized the perfect truth of the picture, and rejoiced that they had found an historian to bid them live and not die. The wild scene where Burley maintained his imaginary combat with Satan, is Creechdale Linn, near Dumfries; Sir Walter informed me, that he was a visitor of the Linn in his youth, when one of his brothers was at Wallace Hall school; and thus the angular chapters, which the busy stream had fashioned out of the freestone rocks, and in which the persecuted Covenanters found refuge, were quite familiar to him. The wandering Inscription Chapter was also a native of the same period; and the old kirkyard of Darnoch, beautifully situated on Nithside, is the place of the imaginary interview between him and the author. I may also add, that part of the narrative was coloured by a long conversation which Sir Walter held with an Annandale Johnstone, on the subject of free will, effectual calling, and predestination.

It is supposed that the complaints which some captious Presbyterians made regarding the injustice done to the Covenanters in 'Old Mortality,' induced Scott to resume the subject in his next great work, the 'Heart of Mid Lothian,' and show in the family of the Deans, the softened features of the sect. Douce David is certainly a most delightful oddity; his disputes on the great litigated point of patronage with Duncan Knockdunder, whose notions were not at all Scriptural; and his various counsellings concerning notions of cross, with poor widow Butler, are alike excellent. But with his daughters, by different spouses, and with Madge Wildfire, the interest of the fiction abides. Jennie Deans is copied from a young woman of humble degree in Dumfriesshire, who obtained the queen's pardon for an erring sister by her own eloquent intercession; in token of which, it was one of the last acts of Sir Walter's life, to erect a monument to her memory in Irongray kirkyard;—and Madge Wildfire is little more than a faithful delineation of poor Peggy Macdonald, who went mad about a natural child, and wandered through Dumfries and Galloway singing snatches of old songs, uttering quaint witty sayings, and drawing the characters of all who annoyed her with words of aquafortis rather than of honey; moreover, she was usually known by the name of Mrs. Casey, from frequently singing a song of that name; but those who wished to be well with her called her Margaret Macdonald. She was a tall slim person, with a Roman nose, and a look, in her lucid hours, beaming with sense and wit. To take a heroine out of a prison, and select characters from among cowfiddlers and smugglers, was a bold step; and over such materials no one could have triumphed but Scott.

It was thought the author wished to show that high life had its miseries too, when he wrote the 'Bride of Lammermoor.' There is an air of sadness shed largely over this whole composition; though we dislike the touchy laughfulness of Ravenswood, we give him our sympathy largely, as the last of his race, and one whose fate has been settled by prophecy before, as the witch-wife said, "the sark gae o'er his head." There is a poetic, a tragic grandeur about the romance, which lifts it high into the regions of imagination; the approaching fate of the Master is shadowed out in almost every page; the croaking o

the old crones; the conversation with John Mortis leugh,—it is needless to particularize more—all indicate coming destruction. With the exception of 'Kenilworth,' it is the most melancholy of all the works of Scott. The scene is laid on property belonging to the family of Hall; and I was present when Captain Basil Hall purchased sixty-one pages of the original manuscript for fourteen guineas; it is generally known that the outline of the story is true; and that this great domestic tragedy was wrought in a family of respectability and name. The 'Legend of Montrose' accompanied the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' and is chiefly remarkable for the character of Sir Donald Dalgetty, whose exact resemblance to the Scottish chiefs—the Leslies, Hamiltons, Ramsays, Munros, and Cunninghams, who led the seven thousand Scottish warriors under Gustavus Adolphus—I would not have any one to assert, unless they can bring forward better proof of the fact, than what I think my illustrious friend had to offer. The truth is, these men were mostly religious enthusiasts; and though there were some among them,—one of the Ramsays, for instance,—who thought of earthly state and dignity a little too much,—they were a high-souled and chivalrous band, who prayed and fought till they saw freedom of conscience restored to the whole of Germany. We have no other quarrel with Sir Dugald, we like his eternal speeches about Gustavus—the pleasing glimpses which he gives us of foreign service—his quaint pedantry—his bravery, ruled by the amount of pay—and, above all, his behaviour in the dungeon, when he escapes from his fetters, and leaves Macfarlane in his stead. We like him too when the ball penetrates his thigh, and he exclaims, "I always told the great Gustavus that tassets should be made market proof!" And we like him too that he is willing to be executed, rather than enter upon a new engagement for a year, with a week of the old one to run: he was a military moralist.

The first time that I had the happiness of being introduced to the Author of 'Waverley,' was soon after the publication of 'Ivanhoe' when he came to London, and the king made him Sir Walter Scott, of Abbotsford, Baronet. This was in the early part of the year 1820. I had seen him in Edinburgh in the year of Marston's appearance, and, to tell the truth, I went there almost on purpose to see him. He lived then in North Castle street; he was tall and erect and full to look upon; walked with a slight lurch, and seemed in every respect one of the most powerful men of the North. He was much changed when I met him again in London; his face was grown thin, his nose wrinkled, and his hair grey; during the period of the composition of 'Ivanhoe,' a grievous illness attacked him, which brought him high the grave, and he was not even then quite recovered. It was during these days of suffering, that his neighbour, Lord Eglinton, wrote to him, and on Lady Scott, and after talking of the light which was too soon to be removed from the land, begged her to intercede with her illustrious husband, to do him the honour of being buried in Dryburgh. "The place," said the Earl, "is very beautiful—just such a place as the poet loves, and as for me, I fine taste that way, he is sure of being gratified with my offer." Scott, it is reported, smiled when this was told him, and good-humouredly promised to give Lady Eglinton the refusal, since he seemed so solicitous; the year Lord was laid in Dryburgh Churchyard first, and his illustrious neighbour has followed. The owners of Abbotsford and Dryburgh, I have heard, composed upon all subjects save one—namely, the death of the Duke of Clarence; his friendship asserted, that his ancestor killed the Prince, at Beaugency, with treachery. Scott knew that his own ancestor Sir John Scott had slain him by a stroke of his spear in the face.

When I went to Sir Walter's residence in Piccadilly, I had much of the same population of heart which Boswell experienced when introduced to Johnson; he welcomed me with both hands, and with such kind and complimentary words, that confusion and fear-like felt. He turned the conversation upon song, and said, he had long wished to know me, on account of some songs which were reckoned old, but which he was assured were mine; "at all events," said he, "they are not old—they are far too good to be old; I dare say you know what songs I mean." I was much embarrassed; I neither owned the songs nor denied them, but said, I hoped to see him soon again, for that, if he were willing to sit, my friend, Mr. Chantrey, was anxious to make his bust as a memorial to preserve in his collection, of the Author of 'Marmion.' To this he consented. While Sir Walter remained in London, we had several conversations, and I was glad to see that he was sometimes pleased with what I said, as well as with what I did. So much was he sought after while he sat to Chantrey, that strangers begged leave to stand in the sculptor's galleries, to see him as he went in and out. The bust was at last finished in marble; the sculptor laboured most anxiously, and I never saw him work more successfully; in one long sitting of three hours he chiselled the whole face over, communicating to the grave humour and comic penetration for which the original was so remarkable. This fine work is now in Abbotsford, with an inscription, saying it is a present to Sir Walter Scott from Francis Chantrey; I hope it will never be elsewhere.

One morning Chantrey asked me how I liked 'Ivanhoe'; I said, the descriptions were admirable, and that the narrative flowed on in a full stream, but I thought in individual portraiture it was not equal to those romances where the author had his foot on Scottish ground. "You speak like a Scotchman," said Chantrey; "I must speak like an Englishman; the scenery is just, and the characters in keeping; I know

every inch of the ground where the tournament was held—where Front de Bouff's castle stood, and even where that pious priest the Curial Friar had his cell by the blessed well of St. Dunstan's—what Rob Roy is to you, Ivanhoe is to me." Sir Walter smiled, he neither shunned the subject nor seemed desirous to discuss it: I remarked, however, that he did not praise the novels, and this exactly agreed with a review of 'Old Mortality,' which appeared in the *Quarterly*, written, as I have good reason to know, by the hand of Scott himself. This was at the urgent desire of the editor, who probably thought to detect the real writer of the romances by this stratagem: he contrived to pen a review which contains much collateral illustration, and little or no criticism. The nearest approach to admission, that I ever heard him make, was once when I was describing to him a sort of wandering mendicant, who declared, he carried his bread and clothes by telling queer stories—he said, with a laugh, "O Allan, don't abuse God's gifts—we live by telling queer stories ourselves." When he dined with the King, one of the company asked him, "was he not the author of the Waverley Novels?" Sir Walter who had made up his mind against all such emergencies, eluded the question.

He spoke of my pursuits and prospects in life with interest and feeling: and of my attempts in prose and verse, in a way which showed that he had read them; and inquired what I was doing with my pen: I said I was collecting into four volumes the Songs of Scotland—such as were most remarkable for poetic feeling—for their humour or their picture of manners. "I can help you," he said, "to something old—did you ever hear the old song song, which says—

"There's a man in the wood,
And O, how he wae's he;
For on his head he has a hat,
He sat upon a great big hat;
They brought him a great big hat,
Alison, and a new hat;
Get the white-wine for the day,
I wana wana wana day."

After having dictated several other curious old verses, he said, "But you ought to write something original. There's the 'Mermaid of Galloway'; you might make that into a dramatic piece with songs, and try it on the stage." I answered, "But what shall I do with her tail?" The tail, indeed, said he—and laughed. "I wish I had followed his advice; the subject is a fine one, and much according to my own fancy, and with regard to the scaly train, a Mermaid has no more right to such an encumbrance, than the Devil has to horns and hoofs." I said that I had made the resemblance of a drama, and if he would look at it, it would be kind; he not only looked at 'Sir Marmaduke Maxwell,' but wrote me a letter respecting it, in which he says—

"I have perused twice, my dear Allan, your interesting manuscript, and that with no little interest. Many parts of the poetry are eminently beautiful, though I fear the great length of the piece, and some obscurity of the plot, would render it unfit for dramatic representation. There is also a fine tone of supernatural action and impulse spread over the whole work, which, I think, a common audience would not be likely to adopt or comprehend: though I own on me it has a very powerful effect. Speaking of dramatic composition in general, I think it is almost essential (though the rule be most difficult in practice) that the plot or business of the piece should advance with every line that is spoken. The fact is, the drama is addressed chiefly to the eyes; and as much as can be by any possibility represented on the stage, should neither be told nor described. Of the miscellaneous part of a large audience, many do not understand, and many cannot hear either narrative or description, but are solely intent upon the action exhibited. It is, I conceive, for this reason, that very bad plays, written by performers themselves, often contrive to get through, and not without applause: while others immeasurably superior, in point of poetical merit, fail, merely because the author is not sufficiently possessed of the trick of the scene, or enough aware of the importance of a maxim pronounced by no less a performer than Punch himself—at least he was the last authority from whom I heard it—*Push on, keep moving!* Now, in your dramatic effort, the interest not only stands still, but sometimes retrogrades. It contains notwithstanding, many passages of eminent beauty; many specimens of most interesting dialogue, and on the whole, if it is not fitted for the modern stage, I am not sure that its very imperfections do not render it more fit for the closet, for we certainly do not read with the greatest pleasure, those plays which act best.

If, however, you should at any time wish to become a candidate for dramatic laurels, I would advise you, in the first place, to consult some professional person of judgment and taste. I should regard friend Terry as an excellent Mentor, and I believe he would concur with me in recommending, that at least one-third of the drama be retrenched, that the plot should be rendered simple, and the motives more obvious; and I think the powerful language, and many of the situations, might have their full effect upon the audience. I am uncertain if I have made myself sufficiently understood—but I would say for example, that it is ill explained by what means Conyn and his gang, who and as shipwrecked men, become at once possessed of the old lord's domains, merely by killing and taking possession. I am aware of what you mean, namely, that being attached to the then rulers, he is supported in his ill-acquired power by their authority. But this is imperfectly brought out, and escaped me at the first reading. The superstitious motives also, which induced the shepherds to delay their vengeance, are not

likely to be intelligible to the generality of the hearers. It would seem more probable that the young Baron should have led his faithful vassals to avenge the death of his parents; and it has escaped me what prevents him from taking this direct and natural course. Besides, it is, I believe, a rule, and it seems a good one, that one single interest, to which every other is subordinate, should occupy the whole play, each separate object having just the effect of a milldam, sluicing off a certain portion of the interest and sympathy, which should move on with increasing fervour and rapidity to the catastrophe. Now, in your work, there are several divided points of interest—there is the murder of the old Baron—the escape of his wife—that of his son—the loss of his bride—the villainous artifices of Conyn to possess himself of her person, and finally the fall of Conyn, and acceleration of the vengeance due to his crimes. I am sure your own excellent sense, which I admire as much as I do your genius, will give me credit for my frankness in these matters: I only know, that I do not know many persons on whose performances I would venture so much criticism. Adieu, my real and esteemed friend—yours truly,

WALTER SCOTT."

I have, at the risk of being thought vain, inserted my illustrious friend's letter at full length; the dramatic directions in composition, which he lays down, are natural and had I been able to have followed them, my success might have been greater. How Conyn kept possession after the murder, arose not only from the strength of his party, but from his being the lineal heir, supposing his kinsmen removed; this relationship I did not make plain enough, and so the objection is good. A writer satisfies his own mind, that his story is simple and clear, and wonders sometimes that the eyes of his friends are not so penetrating as his own; but, whenever an objection of obscurity is raised, I would advise the writer to clear it up at once. I made a number of alterations, but could not get rid of the original sin of the performance—namely, a certain perplexity of plot: when I published it, no one was altogether unkind, save, I was told, the Rev. Mr. Smalley, who treated it in the *Critical Review* with much contempt; he could see no poetry in the language, nor originality in the characters. On the same day that this—not very charitable attack on a new writer was published, the 'Fortunes of Nigel' appeared, in the introduction to which, it was the pleasure of the author to speak of my dramatic attempt in the spirit of his letter: this far more than compensated for the severity of the other, and gave me some sort of rank as a poet, which, I am glad to know, the giver believed I have since maintained. When the manuscript of the 'Fortunes of Nigel' was sold by auction, I was vain enough to wish to possess a work, in which my name stood embalm'd in the hand-writing of Scott; but that, as well as others, brought prices beyond my means; it would have been well had some generous person purchased the whole Waverley Manuscripts, and placed them in the British Museum—or, in a fitter sanctuary still—the library of Abbotsford.

While Sir Walter was busied with his second series of National Romances, he found time to write 'Halidon Hill,' a dramatic sketch of great beauty: full of heroic feeling and heroic character, and which, for pathos, may take rank with the most touching labours of the various Muses. The story of Sir Allan Seton and young Gordon, is one of the most chivalrous and moving scenes in all the compass of tragic song. It was not very warmly received: indeed, whenever Sir Walter Scott wrote anonymously, praise of the truth and beauty of his productions was on every lip, and in every review: when he added his name, the mercury of public admiration fell nearer the freezing point: this, 'let learned clerks explain.' I am afraid the anecdote is not to the honour of human nature. Constable gave him, it is said, a thousand pounds for 'Halidon Hill'; and the applause which he was commanding anonymously, no doubt soothed him for the caprice of the world, and for the capriciousness of criticism.

I saw Sir Walter during the visits which he afterwards paid to London. He conversed with singular ease, and whatever he said was so clearly expressed, and so graphic withal, that it might have been printed at once. This reminds me of what a bookseller told me—that Scott related to him some particulars about the origin of one of the characters in the Waverley Novels, with which he was so much struck, that he begged him to write it down. He did so, and the whole was, he was sure, word for word with what had been spoken. I have said that I informed him of my intended collection of the Songs of Scotland: in one of my letters to him, I told him I had commenced the work. "I am glad (he thus wrote) that you are about Scottish song; no man has contributed more beautiful effusions to enrich it. Here and there I would pick a few flowers from your posy, to give what remains an effect of greater simplicity; but luxuriance can only be the fault of genius, and many of your songs are, I think, unmatched." I put down these passages from his letters, of which I have upwards of a score, to show that he always mixed sound critical counsel with his commendations, and how well he merited the eulogium of James Hogg, that he was a most honest and conscientious adviser in all matters, literary and otherwise. This is yet more plainly set forth in another letter: "I am very much unaccustomed to offer criticisms, and when I do so, it is because I believe in my soul that I am endeavoring to pluck away the weeds which hide flowers which are well worthy of cultivation. In your case, the richness of your language and fertility of your imagination are the snares against which I would warn you: if the one had been poor, and the other captive, I would never have made

remarks, which could never do good, while they only gave pain. Did you ever read Savage's 'Wanderer'? If not, do so; and you will see distinctly the fault which I think attaches to 'Sir Marmaduke Maxwell'—a want of distinct precision and intelligibility about the story, which counteracts, especially with ordinary readers, the effect of beautiful and forcible diction, poetical imagery, and animated description." I would fain persuade myself that all this good counsel, and thrice as much more from the same excellent friend, was not utterly thrown away upon me.

When I next saw Sir Walter, King George was about to be crowned, and he had come to London to make one in the ceremony. This was an affair which came within the range of his taste: with the processions of the old religion, and the parade of chivalry, he was familiar; and when he called on me, he talked of the magnificent scene which Westminster Abbey would present on the morrow, and inquired if I intended to go and look at it. Now, I happen to be one of those persons who are not at all dazzled with grand processions and splendid dresses, and the glitter and parade of either court or camp; and when I said that I had no curiosity that way, having, when I was young, witnessed the crowning of King Crispin, in Dumfries, he burst into a laugh, and said, "That's not unlike our friend Hogg: I asked him if he would accompany me, and he stood balancing the matter between the Coronation and St. Boswell's Fair, and at last the fair carried it." Scott, since I had seen him last, had given the world several fresh works of great beauty and variety: his genius had driven all other competitors out of the market, and though some of the critics said they saw a falling off, this was not perceived by the multitude, who expressed nothing but impatience to devour every work which wore the Waverley stamp. It is remarkable, that in 'The Abbot,' and also in 'The Monastery,' he introduced supernatural agency, and sometimes, in my opinion, with wonderful effect; he had tried it slightly in Waverley, where the vision of the Bushy Glas announces the approaching fate of Fergus Mac Ivor; a passage which I could never read without a shudder. 'The White Maid of Avenel' is a spirit of a more lively kind, and performs her ministering in the matter of Christy of the Clinchill, and the Sacristan, with not a little dexterity as well as malice. I, however, think, the burial and raising of Percie Shafton, a clumsy affair; in truth, whenever the supernatural descends to deeds, our belief begins to fail. The rise of Halbert Glendinning, from his low estate by bravery and by valour, is in the author's best manner; the tale of Glendearg lies near Abbotsford, on the other side of the Tweed. The sharp admonitions of the critics induced Sir Walter to forbear for the future the supernatural.

Of all the succeeding romances of Scott, those most to my liking, are the 'Fortunes of Nigel,' for the sake of King James, Richie Monkies, and Sir Mungo Malagrowther; 'Queen of the Desert,' as showing how fortune and rank may be achieved by discretion, and bravery, and promptitude of soul, not to speak of King Lewis, and La Balafre, and the Maugrabin; 'The Talisman,' for the characters of Richard, Saladin, and Prince David; and 'The Fair Maid of Perth,' for the lesson which the author has taught us, how to make a hero worthy of the days of chivalry, out of a mussy blacksmith, and yet leave him a blacksmith still. Some of his critics remarked, that Scott had gone to all countries for characters, save Ireland: to Ireland he sailed in 1825, and scenes were pointed out and characters indicated, in vain for the expected romance. Through the kindness of a gentleman of that country, I have obtained an account of his visit; the brevity of this memoir allows me but to say, that he was received everywhere with acclamations; he visited with much emotion the scenes of Swift's early life, and the magnificent scenery of Killybeg. He returned by the way of the Cumberland Lakes, and, with Wordsworth for his companion, visited the hills and dales made classic by his strains; nor did he omit to pay his respects to Southey, whom he ever admired for variety of genius and gentleness of manners.

Soon after his return, that crushing misfortune befel the house of Abbotsford, which reduced its lord from affluence to dependence. Sir Walter, owing to the failure of some commercial speculations, in which he was a partner, became responsible for the payment of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds; he refused to become a bankrupt, considering, like the elder Osbaldestone of his own immortal pages, commercial honour as dear as any other honour, and undertook within the compass of ten years, to pay capital and interest of that enormous sum. At that time he was hale and vigorous, and capable of wondrous exertions; he gave up his house in Edinburgh, now less necessary for him, on account of the death of Lady Scott, and singling out various subjects of interest, proceeded to retrieve his broken fortunes, with a spirit calm and unshaken. The bankruptcy of his bookellers rendered longer concealment of the author of the Waverley Novels impossible: the copyright of these works was announced for sale, and it was necessary for the illustrious unfortunate to reveal his secret in the best manner he might. Accordingly, at the Annual Dinner—24 February, 1827—of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund, in answer to an allusion by his friend Lord Meadowbank, Sir Walter said, he had now the task of acknowledging before three hundred gentlemen, a secret, which, though confided to twenty people, had been well kept. "I am the author," he said, "of all the Waverley Novels, the sole and undivided author; with the exception of quotations, there is not a single word which is not derived from myself, or suggested in the course of my reading. The wand is now broken and the rod buried." This declaration was re-

ceived with loud cheers, and made a stir in all circles; the great mystery was now solved, and though all lamented the cause of the disclosure, all were glad at heart, to find that they were indebted to a man so mild and benevolent as Sir Walter, rather than to any other spirit who might have presumed more than was meet, after such an assumption of glory.

When these sad distresses took place, Sir Walter had made considerable progress in his 'Life of Napoleon Bonaparte'; he was composing it as the Author of Waverley; but, with the disclosure of his name, his situation was altered; and the first men, military and civil, in Europe, readily made communications to him concerning that world's wonder, the Emperor of the French. To step from imaginative romance to true history, was to him a matter of perfect ease: he had already, in 'Waverley,' and elsewhere, shown us how well they mingled together; and with such singular skill had he blended them, that an ingenious friend wrote a clever dissertation, treating 'Waverley' as current history, and pointing out sundry slight deviations from the truth. Besides, to write the Life of Napoleon was to delineate the career of a man whose actions had outstripped all ordinary flights of imagination, and involved the destinies of the world. For this new task Sir Walter had high qualities besides those necessary to compose a romance: he had as much of the warrior in his nature, as enabled him to enjoy the movements and deeds of those dread campaigns, in which the chivalry of the old monarchs was trampled under foot by the fervent spirit of republicanism; and he had a power of description by which, like the genius of Napoleon, he could unite the distant with the near, and lay the combined movements of a widespread campaign before the reader, as he would lay a map on the table. He seems to have studied his subject deeply; indeed, the sword of the conqueror had forced this upon him;—a war which gave to France the land, and to Britain the sea, could not pass over such a mind as his without making deep impressions. He was familiar with the rigid routine and stately tactics of the old school of warriors, who wrought according to rules learned by heart, and would rather have lost a campaign than gone into battle with whisks not cut by the Prussian regulations. In Napoleon he saw a soldier who conquered, not by despising routine rules, but from inventing a system of military mathematics, which, by its new combinations, rendered old wisdom obsolete; and yet enabled him to vanquish as much by rule as by rapid motion and fiery bravery. The great Napoleon and his great biographer, were bred in different schools of political feeling: with the former all old things were too old—all matters of etiquette ridiculous; the principles of Europe he looked on as outdated; and his delight was to overturn them like mushrooms, and give their thrones to his comrades;—the latter had all the chivalry of the old school, united with that reverence for princes of long-standing renown imputed to poets: he loved old institutions and hereditary attachments; and the principles which sought to tread down rank, that martial talent might rise and reign in its stead, were regarded with proper horror. In spite of these discordant feelings, the 'Life of Napoleon' is one of the noblest monuments of Scott's genius. The volumes, third, fourth, and fifth, are written in a spirit free, unprejudiced, and affectionate: he seems to enjoy the splendid march of the almost boundless adventurer from Paris to Vienna; for he had to conquer at home before he could conquer abroad; and he is ever willing to do justice to the generous qualities of his nature, and show him alike dutiful as a son and a friend, as he was unequalled as a general. The descriptions of the battles are clear and graphic—all other men's accounts are confused compared to his: they have fine words—he has fine images: they have plenty of smoke—he is all fire. I wish it had pleased the author to have condensed his two volumes on the Revolution into a single chapter, and to have dismissed the captivity of Napoleon with more brevity.

I saw him in London on the day after the publication of the 'Fair Maid of Perth'; the first romance of all that splendid file, to which he had put his name, or at least publicly acknowledged. He asked, what I was doing with my pen; I said, at present I am doing nothing but fighting and wooing with Harry Wynd. He gave me one of his peculiar glances, and said, "Ay! and how do ye like him?" I said I was struck with two things, which to me were new—the skill with which he had made a blacksmith into a hero—and a youth of martial race, a coward, through his nurse. He smiled, and seemed pleased with my remark. We talked of romance-writing; "When you wish to write a story," he said, "I advise you to prepare a kind of outline—a skeleton of the subject; and when you have pleased yourself with it, proceed to endow it with flesh and blood." I remember (I said) that you gave me much the same sort of advice before. "And did you follow it?" he said, quickly. I tried (I answered), but I had not gone far on my way till some will-o'-wisp or another dazzled my sight; so I deviated from the path, and never got on it again. "Tis the same way with myself," he said, smiling. "I form my plan, and then in executing it I deviate." Ay, ay! (I said) I understand; but you deviate into excellence, and I into absurdity.—I amused him with an account of how I felt when his kind notice of my drama appeared in the 'Fortunes of Nigel.' I said I was in the situation of that personage in Scripture, who unknown yesterday, heard the people cry to-day, "Behold the man whom the King delighted to honour!" He said some kind things; and then I spoke of the public anxiety to see him. I told him, that when he passed through Oxford, a lady, at whose

(Continued on 6th page.)

THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 5, 1882.

OUR TABLE.

Among the literary gatherings upon our table, we have been much pleased with the volumes entitled "CONTARINI FLEMING," from the press of the Messrs. Harpers. This work is called by the author (the younger D'Iscari) a "Psychological Auto-biography," and, as may be supposed from this latter title, partakes largely of the modern Germanized style of portraiture. It has however many redeeming qualities. In the arrangement, Mr. D'Iscari is evidently indebted to Sir W. Jones's translated Hindoo Poems, the "Palace of Fortune," and the "Seven Fountains." The author, however, possesses a vigorous mind; and, although he may be partially indebted to the Goethe school in this very singular production, he has, by the "mental chemist's art," refined the metal, stamped the coin afresh, and made it current with the lovers of "the wild—the wonderful—the true." The work is often bitterly satirical, while other parts possess a fine tone of feeling and tenderness. His descriptive passages are generally natural, and sometimes grand.

The portrait of the Minister, Baron Fleming, is ably delineated; it is a compound of two British Statesmen, and will be easily recognized; the systematized manner is, however, Miss Edgeworth's "Lord Oldborough" re-touched. The embryo statesman, the whole of the diplomatic initiatory, and the cabinet meeting, is admirably let off.

We had marked so many passages for transition to our columns, that we find we must content ourselves with a selection only.

VENICE, BY MOONLIGHT.—"It is by moonlight that Venice is indeed an enchanted city. The effect of the floods of silver light upon the twinkling fretwork of the Moresco architecture—the perfect absence of all harsh sounds—the never-ceasing music on the waters,—produce an effect upon the mind which cannot be experienced in any other city. As I stood gazing upon the broad track of brilliant light that quivered over the lagoon, a gondolier saluted me. I entered his boat, and desired him to row me to the Grand Canal. The marble palaces of my ancestors rose on each side, like a series of vast and solemn temples. How sublime were their broad fronts bathed in the mystic light, whose softening tints concealed the ravages of time, and made us dream only of their eternity!"

The Sea, and the character of Seamen for respectful and even tender affection to females, is thus given: "I never find the sea monotonous. The variations of weather, the ingenious tactics, the rich sunsets, the huge, strange fish, the casual meetings, and the original and rare character of manners, and perhaps also the frequent sight of land, which offers itself in the Mediterranean, afford me constant amusement. I do not think that there is in the world a kinder-hearted and more courteous person than a common sailor. As for their attentions to Alcibiades, they were even delicate, and I am sure, that although a passionate lover, I might have taken many a hint from their vigilant solicitude. Whenever she was present their boisterous mirth was instantly repressed. She never walked the deck that a ready hand was not quick in clearing her path of any impediments, and ere I could even discover that she was weary, their watchful eyes anticipated her wants, and they proffered her a rude but welcome seat."

The author's sketches of "romantic Spain" are given with a vivacity and spirit that create an intense interest, and from certain circumstances, we could almost imagine that Mr. D'Iscari and our Irving had travelled this part of Europe in company.

MURILLO, THE SPANISH PAINTER.—"After all, I prefer the Spanish to the Italian painters. I know no one to rival Murillo. I know no one who has blended with such felicity the high ideal with the extreme simplicity of nature. Later in life, I found myself in his native city, in that lovely Seville, more lovely from his fine creations than even from the orange bowers that perfume its gates, and the silver stream that winds about its plain."

Of Pisa, our author thus writes:—"All the Italian cities are delightful; but an elegant melancholy pervades Pisa that is enchanting. What a marble group is formed by the cathedral, the wonderful Baptistery, the Leaning Tower, and the Campo Santo; and what an indication of the ancient splendour of the republic! * * * In the Campo Santo you trace the history of art. There too, which has not been observed, you may discover the origin of the Arabesques of Raffaele. The Leaning Tower is a stumbling-block to architectural antiquarians. An ancient fresco in the Campo proves the intention of the artist. All are acquainted with the towers of Bologna; few are aware that in Saragossa the Spaniards possess a rival of the architectural caprice of the Pisans."

In a descriptive glance at "far famed Alhambra," Mr. D'Iscari thus notices the particular style of architecture:—"The Saracenic architecture is the most inventive and fanciful, but at the same time the most fitting and delicate that can be conceived. There would be no doubt about its title to be considered among the finest inventions of man if it were better known. It is only to be found in any degree of European perfection in Spain. Some of the tombs of the Mamluk sultans in the desert round Cairo, wrongly styled by the French 'the tombs of the califs,' are equal, I think, to Alhambra. * * * There is a Moorish palace, the Alcazar at Seville, a huge mosque at Cordova turned into a cathedral, with partial alteration, Alhambra at Granada, these are the great specimens in Europe, and sufficient for all study. There is a shrine and chapel of a Moorish saint at Cordova, quite untouched, with the blue mosaic and the golden honeycomb roof, as vivid and as brilliant as when the saint was worshipped. In my life have I never seen any work of art more exquisite."

SPANISH CITIES.—"A Spanish city sparkling in the sun, with its white walls and verdant jalousies, is one of the most cheerful and most brilliant of the works of man. Picaro is in every street, and Rosina in every balcony. The Moorish remains, the Christian churches, the gay national dress, a gorgeous praetorium, ever producing, in their dazzling processions and sacred festivals, an effect upon the business of the day, the splendid pictures of a school of which we know nothing, theatres, alamedas, tertullas, bull-fights, boleros,—here is matter enough for amusement within the walls."

The muleteers,—the author's introduction to the Castilian grande, and his Señora,—the great lady from Madrid,—the duenna,—the journey by moonlight,—the approach of the banditti, who turn out to be a theatrical company travelling from Cordova,—the rescue, and flight of the robbers—are all given in the best spirit of Le Sage, and bring to our recollection all the feelings of delight which the first perusal of Gil Blas afforded in our early days.

With our author we must now enter the regions of once 'fair Arcady.' In his description of the ante-chamber of a Turkish vizier, he says:—"This was the finest thing of the kind I had ever yet seen. In the whole course of my life I had never mingled in so picturesque an assembly. Conceive a chamber of very great dimensions, full of the choicest groups of an Oriental population, each individual waiting by appointment for an audience, and probably about to wait for ever. It was a sea of turbans, and crimson shawls, and golden scarfs, and ornamented arms. I marked with curiosity the haughty Turk stroking his beard, and waving his beads; the proud Albanian strutting with his tarragan, or cloak, dependent on one shoulder, and touching with impatient fingers his silver-sheathed arms; the olive-visaged Asiatic, with his enormous turban and flowing robes, gazing, half with wonder and half with contempt, at some scarlet colonel of the newly-disciplined troops, in his gorgeous, but awkward imitation of Frank uniforms; the Greek, still servile, though no more a slave; the Nubian eunuch, and the Georgian page."

The architectural treasures of ancient Greece afford some good observations on the origin of this branch of the arts. "In art, the Greeks were the children of the Egyptians. The day may yet come when we shall do justice to the high powers of that mysterious and imaginative people. The origin of Doric and Ionic invention must be traced amid the palaces of Carnac and the temples of Luxoor. For myself I confess I ever gaze upon the marvels of art with a feeling of despair. With horror I remember that, through some mysterious necessity, civilization seems to have deserted the most favoured regions and the choicest intellects. The Persian whose very being is poetry, the Arab whose subtle mind could penetrate into the very secret shrine of nature, the Greek whose acute perceptions seemed granted only for the creation of the beautiful—these are now unlettered slaves in barbarous lands."

In the description of his intended palace at Naples, we have all the gorgeousness and splendour of Beckford's Fonthill Abbey.

From the pen of a writer who can thus produce a work, which, notwithstanding the Germanic philosophy so lavishly dispersed in its commencement, is nevertheless of an extraordinary character, we shall, in reference to Mr. D'Iscari's future productions, adopt his own inscription as recorded on the panel of the Hebrew's house at Jerusalem—TIME!

TRAVELLING COMFORTS.—To engage and pay for a passage in a stage-coach, and when you are about to start, find your vehicle unusually small—nine passengers inside—and one of them on the centre seat, weighing over three cwt. Before you have travelled five miles, find the coach beginning to take a cant on one side, and so continue until every jolt endangers your life or limbs, by an upset, with the comfort-

able prospect of three hundred pounds of flesh on top of you. Arrive at the dinner-house just at night—half starved—not expected—wait—and at last have to bolt beef, pork, potatoes, and beets, half roasted and not quite half boiled—have the privilege of paying twenty-five per cent. extra for your dinner, being a stage passenger. Embark again in your rickety vehicle, anticipating at every lurch its entire demolition, and the soft covering of your poor bones with him's of the flesh. Promised to arrive at the place of destination at eight o'clock—do arrive at midnight. Seriously, we are rapidly retreating in the comfort of stage-travelling in this State. A few years since the coaches were much improved, and on the principal routes you were sure to find good horses and comfortable carriages, with attentive drivers. Now, the majority of the coaches are worn-out and dangerous. Proprietors and drivers appear to think (after charging you high rates) they confer a favor by allowing you a seat, and you are made completely subservient to their convenience. If you complain, in all probability you are insulted. It is this ought not to be.

THE GLOBE.—Before a paragraph which we had penned, announcing its existence, had been seen by our readers, that *Globe* had ceased its revolutions; while THE CITIZEN, noticed in connection with it, having paid us several subsequent visits, is, we trust, attached to a more enduring sphere, and destined to furnish many stars for our CONSTELLATION.

PORTER'S FAMILY JOURNAL.—The first number of a weekly paper under this title made its appearance a few days since. It is devoted to Medicine, Law, Education, and Literature—and is to be published simultaneously in Philadelphia, New York, and other cities.

THE HUNCHBACK.—Peabody & Co. have just published that popular production of James Sheridan Knowles, Esq., *The Hunchback*. The character of Julia, in which Miss Fanny Kemble has been so eminently successful, is one of the finest portraitures in the modern drama.

MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE.—Dr. Henry Cooley has just published his Treatise on Medical Jurisprudence, comprising *Poisons and Asphyxia*. It is a work of great interest, and contains some admirable expositions of this very important subject.

At a time when the reading world is mourning the death of Sir Walter Scott, who, as the "Great Unknown," afforded it so many delightful hours of recreation, and subsequently in his own name kept up the intense interest which he had anonymously excited, by the most finished literary and historical productions of the age,—we deem no apology necessary for occupying so large a space of our present and last number with a concise Memoir, by his friend, Allan Cunningham.

THE DRAMA.

Park Theatre.—The return of John Howard Payne, Esq., to the land of his nativity, after an absence of many years, during which he has furnished the Stage with some of the most popular pieces of the day, was very appropriately celebrated at the Park on Thursday evening last by a dramatic entertainment. Many of the best performers both of the old and new world gratuitously afforded their valuable services on this occasion. The house was fitted up with much taste, and filled with the elite and fashion of our city. The whole reflected great credit on the Committee, the Performers, and the Manager, and afforded to Mr. Payne a substantial proof of the high estimation in which he is held by his fellow citizens.

The pieces were Mr. Payne's *Drusus* and *Charles the Second*, with his "Home sweet Home," followed by the chorus of "Welcome Home," and "Katherine and Petruccio." An address, written for the occasion by Mr. Fay, was delivered by Mrs. Sharpe. At the close of the entertainment, Mr. Payne, at the call of the house, came forward, and with much feeling, in a very neat and pertinent address, expressed his sense of the kindness and attention of his countrymen.

This compliment to Mr. Payne, we have understood, will be valuable in a pecuniary point of view, probably amounting to *Five Thousand Dollars*.

On Friday evening Mr. Forrest commenced his engagement with *The Gladiator*. His "Spartacus" was, as a whole, a very fine piece of acting, yet occasionally we think his enunciation was too rapid. He was admirably supported by Mr. Scott from the Philadelphia Theatre, who personated "Phasarius," and in his death scene deserved and received rapturous applause.

On Saturday, the engagement of Mr. and Miss Kemble closed with "The Hunchback" and "Katherine and Petruccio." We have heretofore spoken so fully of the superiority of Miss Kemble's Julia, that we need only say she on this night lost none of

the popularity which her former personation of the part had gained her.

In "Katherine" we saw Miss Kemble in a character so dissimilar to her general range, that we were astonished at the facility with which she adapted herself to it. She was the most perfect "Shrew" we have ever witnessed, and we cannot imagine it possible that the part could be better enacted. The "Petruccio" of Mr. Kemble was a finished performance, the spirit of the character was sustained in every part, and in all the variety we have seen this gentleman, there is none we would sooner see him repeat. A better "Petruccio" than Kemble, and a better "Grimo" than Placide, we do not believe have ever been witnessed. The house was crowded in every part, and continued so until the close of the afterpiece, when "Petruccio" being called for, Mr. Kemble appeared with his daughter, and expressed their sense of the kindness of the audience with wishes for their health and happiness; the gentleman was answered with plaudits, and three hearty cheers.

We are happy to learn that arrangements are making for a theatrical benefit in favour of Mr. W. Danlap. No man whom we have the pleasure of knowing, has greater claims of this kind on the public, as an old and faithful servant, whose best days were unceasingly devoted to their service.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY.—The celebration of the anniversary of the Tutelar Saint of Scotland, took place on Friday at the City Hotel. The entertainment went off in fine style.

The following, written by the blind poet, John Griham, was sung by a member, and received with great applause.

SONG.

We come from the land where the Rainbow is bending
Air—Kissed on Kincora.—By John Griham.
Written for the Annual Celebration of the
N. Y. St. Andrew's Society.
We come from the land where the Rainbow is bending
O'er mountains and meadows, so free and so verdant,
Where valleys so fertile the plowman is sowing,
And beauty is clustering the sweetest on earth;
The roses of health shed their bloom on the grove;
And though the dark billows a freight silver foam bear,
Where everies reigns the sweet queen of the sea.
We come from the land where the breezes are blowing
Sunder the first tower of our tenderest love—
Where nature is clustering her wild warbling chorists,
So bright and so sweet from the sky and the grove,
That to be our slaves, with a dark billow dashing—
That beauty and love be the lot on the plain—
Yet more the bright sycamore of the freeman is flagging,
And sacred to friendship and love is the scene.
We come from the land where the legend is glowing
With all that is bright on the annals of fame;
And every land on their faces is dawning
A halo of glory round Calverley's name.
Around thy lowly banner the hawthorn's still blossoms
As fair as thy berries are vibrant in green—
And still may the poet's soul in thy bosom
Be pure, as the dewdrops are lovely in dawn.

DOGBERRY'S NOTE BOOK.

NO. VI.

Harmony vs. Discord.—The most prominent figures in the interesting group that crowded the magistrate's room, were a lady and gentleman, ycleped Mr. Timothy Dooley and his fair partner Mrs. Norry Dooley, who had early consecrated themselves to the service of Apollo, and pursued their occupation of pouring out their notes of melody to such admirers of song as usually assemble at that right angle which intersects one street from another. For four long years 'their voices kept time,' and the jarring of a single note did not interrupt the trothing of their conjugal felicity and enjoyments.

The lady, whose figure was embonpoint, may be etched on; in a word or two. Her hair was the very perfection of red, gathered up behind in due spiral rouleaux, which were kept in proper bounds by a horn comb. A gauze cap stood in pyramidal form on the apex of her pericranium; and while, from the delicacy of its texture, it did not conceal the vermilion tresses it enclosed, it threw such a relief over the part of the form, as would have taken the fancy of an architect of taste. Her forehead was short, and beginning to exhibit those contracted folds to which the vulgar have appropriated the forbidden epithet of wrinkles. Her cheek bones were high; her eyes had lost some of their lustre; her chin and nose had an exceedingly close resemblance to the far-famed Mrs. Flynn, of bold-dragoon notoriety. The remainder of her body corporate was enveloped in a cloak; her tout-ensemble presented an appearance that was calculated to excite a doubt, whether she was exactly of that species which Otway describes possessed of 'all that we believe of Heaven.'

'Who complains?' said the magistrate.

'I do,' answered a dozen voices at the same instant.

'Bless me,' said the magistrate, 'are you all plumed off?'

'Not one, but all of us,' echoed they all together.

'Nonsense,' said the magistrate, 'let the party who charges stand forward.'

'Hear this!' answered they, and Mrs. Norry Dooley, dropping what was meant for a curtesy, said, 'I'm the plaintiff, your worship, and I want justice against that Tim!'

'Of what do you complain?' asked the magistrate. 'Of that Tim, your honor, there he stands, the leifer!'

'Well, but what has he done?' demanded the magistrate, somewhat impatient at this long preamble.

'Oh, a horrible time, your worship, you never heard the likes of it.'

'Well, but why do you not tell me what it is?'

'Don't your honor see that serpent? Oh, Tim, is there the likes of you?'

'My good woman,' said the magistrate, 'either confine yourself to the charge, or I must dismiss the case.'

'Well, your worship, five long years am I Tim's lawful wife, singing for him, and making every thing comy and peaceable; and a Tuesday night, your worship, without rhyme or reasons, because Bill Micavany was just trating me—sorrow haporth else, your worship—in comes Tim, and before I could offer him a taste, your worship, says he, you varmint, says he, this is the way; and that's all he said, your worship.'

'Well, but surely you did not give the man in custody for that?'

'Sarra! but we did your worship, for he up wid his fist, and gave me such a lick that he upset the tree-legged pot, and split me head into halves. I'm beginning to have no pace nor ase wid him your worship, ever since the blackguards mid the twenty-four songs for a penny, put him and I out of earning.'

The magistrate, who listened to this tale of woe with considerable attention, called upon the prisoner to state what he had to say against the charge.

The respondent, Tim Dooley, in figure was not more than 5 feet 3 inches high. He was characterized by an air of the highest self-importance, and was necessarily, after the expression of every sentence, protruding and drawing in his lips. His coat was so far patched, that the original was lost; and it became totally impossible, by any process of analysis extant, to discover what color it had formerly assumed. His waistcoat was of the caution order; it contained shades of every color, from pompadour to pea-green; while his mother garment was of that useful cut which, though neither breeches nor trousers, might be made to serve as either. His cravat, by being economically distributed round his neck and breast, left the persuasion of his being supplied with the *resten interiorem* as a matter of a very problematical nature. Thus attired, he gave one look at his accuser, and catching the rails of the bar, in a most stentorian voice began: 'May it please your worship—I follow songs, I was bred to songs, or rather—songs have been bred to me; I was always given to the charms of melody, and I found Norry with a good voice; I thought, your worship, we would do very well. I was always fond of harmony, smit with the love of song. Five years ago I was enjoying the sweets of my muse, when I said—

'What is life without passion, sweet passion of love? you worship has doubtless heard that song.'

The magistrate here reminded the vocalist of the charge brought against him, and desired he would confine himself to it.

'Oh, your worship, 'Is there a heart that never loved?' Well, I fell in love with Norry; 'in love full six feet deep.' We walked together, talked together, sung together; we sung duets 'from morn till dewy eve,' and at night—

'By mutual toll our board was dressed'—

when, in an evil hour, Norry, your worship, turning me and mine overboard, takes up with Bill Micavany, and I never can get her out now to her daily labor. I often told her, your worship, to stick to me, 'her wedded love,' and let that spalpeen go about his business; but as she would not take my advice, but harbored and housed him, I was thrown, your worship, into wild madness, when I caught her drinking with Mick, and his arms round her neck, and if I did give her a lick it was a *wipe* she well deserved, for how could I help it?

From the manner in which this defence was related, Norry relented, and a look of cordial and affectionate tenderness, more easily conceived than described, was poured upon him with an expression that reminded him of 'Love's young dream.' In short, she, with a single glance, 'his rage embued.'

The magistrate was on the point of sentencing Tim, when Norry exclaimed, that, if he'd take her to his arms again, she would not only forget the blow, but never see Bill more.

On the magistrate inquiring whether he was willing to take his release upon terms of again reinstating his fair one, and accepting her contrition? The prisoner exclaimed he would, with all the ruins of his heart, and that now

'She was more dear to him in her sorrows and showers, Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.'

The parties then retired, determined to dedicate the

remainder of the day to the charms of melody, and departed from the office singing—

'Together let us range the fields.'

Reasonable.—A poor Irishman who was on his death-bed, and who did not seem quite reconciled to the long journey he was going to take, was kindly consoled by a good natured friend, with the common place reflection, that we must all die once. 'Why, my dear, now,' answered the sick man, 'that is the very thing that vexes me; if I could die half a dozen times, I should not mind it.'

THE GIPSY KING.

ELEGY FOR THE KING OF THE GIPPIES, CHARLES LEE, Who died in a tent near Lyons, August 16, 1852, aged 73. He was buried in St. Anne's Churchyard, in presence of a thousand spectators.

Herod!—hurrah!—rule up the world!
The Sun will gild his rays;
The Sun, for three-score years and ten
The Gipsy's old God!

O'er field and fen, by waste and wild,
He watch'd the glorious race;
To wend up at that gorgeous shrine
The spirit of the chase.

No brook-built dwelling e'er I saw;
No lonely rook of stone;
High o'er his couch the vault of Heaven
In star-light splendour shone!

The rustling leaves still murmur'd there;
The rambling wood-bone flower
In twilight breath, exhale'd to cheer
The outcast's desert bower!

To him the forest's ruthless depths
Their mosses e'er reveal'd;
To him, fair Nature's hand bequeath'd
Her fruits of food and field!

The flower, the root, the beam, the bark,
All living things, dear'd;
To feed the craving, or delight
The gaze of human kind!

The periwinkle wood-flower, fair and true,
The squirrel's nutmeg tree;
The granite throne, with helena wild,
In brooklet's vesture dress'd;

Sweet violets beaded in their leaves,
The first soft pledge of Spring;
Such were the gifts by Heaven's own hand
Shed on the Gipsy King!

The snow-drop gleaming in the wood,
The crowfoot on the lea,
Their gold and silver coin pour'd forth
To store his treasury;

The springy moss, by fairies spread,
His velvet foot-loam made;
His enemy shot up amid
The line-tree's emerald shade,

Back, phosporus, here, some lonely park
Still giveth to his host;
And bring for his winter warmth,
And fumes for his bower;

Happier than herod-blazon'd Kings,
The monarch of the moor;
He levied taxes from the rail;
They wrang them from the poor!

With glow-worms' honey, and incense call'd
From the beehive's breath;
And nut-bark, and vesper thistle,
And honey-dew'd herbs;

A throne beneath the forest-branches,
Fam'd by the wild bird's wing;
Of all the potentia on earth,
Raid to the Gipsy King!

Tell's Mog.

BYRON'S TEMPER.—One day that Byron dined with us, his chasseur, while we were at table, demanded to speak with him; he left the room, and returned in a few minutes in a state of violent agitation, pale with anger, and looking as I had never before seen him look, though I had often seen him angry. He told us that his servant had come to tell him that he must pass the gate of Genoa (his house being outside the town) before half past ten o'clock, as orders were given that no one was to be allowed to pass after. This order, which had no personal reference to him, he conceived to be expressly levelled at him, and it rendered him furious; he seized a pen and commenced a letter to our Minister, he wrote two or three letters one after the other, before he had written one to his satisfaction; and, in short, betrayed such ungovernable rage, as to astonish all who were present; he seemed very much disposed to enter into a personal contest with the authorities; and we had some difficulty in persuading him to leave the business wholly in the hands of Mr. Hill, the English minister, who would arrange it much better.

Byron's appearance and conduct on this occasion forcibly reminded me of Rousseau; he declared himself the victim of persecution wherever he went; said that there was a conspiracy between all governments to pursue and molest him, and uttered a thousand extravagances, that proved that he was no longer master of himself. I never understood how likely his manner was, under violent excitement, to give rise to the idea that he was deranged in his intellects, and became convinced of the truth of the sentiment in the lines—

'Great wit and madness sure is near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.'

The next day, when we met, Byron said that he had received a satisfactory explanation from Mr. Hill, and then asked me if I had not thought him mad the night before. 'I assure you,' said he, 'I often think myself not in my right senses, and this is perhaps the only opinion I have in common with Lady Byron, who, dear sensible soul, not only thought me mad, but tried to persuade others into the same belief.'—*Countess of Blessington.*

From the Atlas.

ATLANTIS, a Story of the Sea, in three parts, making a handsome publication of 80 pages octavo, is just issued by Messrs. Harper. It is inscribed to Maynard C. Richardson, Esq. of South Carolina, by 'his friend the author.' There is no other intimation of the origin of the Poem, but this goes to confirm the rumour which fixes the authorship on a gentleman, lately a resident of Charleston, who has already acquired distinction in literary pursuits, and whom we might name, but that he has chosen not to gratify the public in this way, and we think his wishes are more to be consulted in the case than theirs. Other engagements have not allowed a sufficient examination of the Poem to give a fair account of it to-day; but it is of a dramatic nature, and involves largely the supernatural machinery of spirits, fairies, and demons—with the imaginary wonders of the dark, unfathomed caves of Ocean. By the introduction of numerous choruses and songs, an agreeable variety is given to the metrical composition, which is chiefly blank verse of a dignified style and measure.

We quote one example, that we think will please. It is a Chorus of Sea Demons.

Flit, flit,
Through the peopled sky,
Agents of terror and might on high;
As the sky is blue
Through the venomous web,
Bask down her low works and rush thro' her holes!

Why, why,
Breathing the sky,
Should they still offer usons on high?
Why should they pray—
Creatures of clay,
Whose hope is a vision, whose life is a day?

Perk, perk,
Reels from the earth,
The monster of darkness, the prince of all woe—
Well do we know for his rage;
He is here, at our head,
The dreadful in night, and the matchless in speed.

Come, come,
Join in their doom,
While the tempest and surge in his storm-vested arms
Mortals prepare,
For the hour is near,
Furn, full of triumph, for you, of despair.

Amidst the thousand objects of curiosity or interest which are daily offered to the notice of our citizens, it is very rare to find any thing that so much deserves this notice, or will so well reward it, as Mr. Augur's exhibition of the Statues of *Jephtha and his Daughter*.

We know not when we have looked on any work of art with the same admiration. Not that fine specimens of sculpture have not elsewhere been met with, in this country, or that other native artists have never produced worthy fruits of genius; but here, the subject, the circumstances in which the sculptor wrought, his own personal character, and the noble results of his bold undertaking, conspire to form an unalloyed sentiment of the highest gratification.

It is proper to notice briefly the history of these living marbles. M. Augur, from the manifestations of his genius as a carver in wood, to which he had early devoted himself, was persuaded by a friend, now the President of the National Academy of Design, to make an attempt in stone. He accordingly made a copy of the head of Apollo, and afterwards executed a Sappho; in both cases grasping the laurels of well earned fame.

He then selected the touching story of *Jephtha's Vow*, and without a model, untaught, and almost literally unpractised, he has produced two of the most charming specimens of the art. The ease, so far as we are acquainted, is without a parallel, and the statement is equally surprising with the magic effect to which it relates. Mr. Augur is a native of New-Haven, where he has always resided, and where these delightful proofs of his talents and skill were produced. His modesty, (we hope we shall not offend it by the observation) is not less conspicuous than his merit. Except in New-Haven, where his apartment has been for a considerable period the resort of persons of taste and lovers of the fine arts, and for a short season recently at Boston, Mr. A. has never till now exhibited these statues. We are much pleased to hear that the public show a disposition to encourage him in doing it. His room in Park Place House will in future be open in the evening, so that those whose engagements by day prevent their attendance, will still be able to enjoy the luxury of a visit, in circumstances equally if not more favourable. No one should neglect it.

We have not attempted to describe the attitudes, or the expression of the rash victor and his devoted, only child. We could not do justice to them, especially the lovely maiden, pausing in the midst of joy with the most thrilling emotion.—Let the reader go and see.—*ib.*

Sir Walter Scott's affairs.—The Edinburgh Advertiser, alluding to the intimation that Abbotsford would probably be brought to the hammer, to satisfy the creditors of the illustrious deceased, says—'The truth is, there will be no need for either Scotland or England interposing to prevent such a catastrophe. Of the debts included in Sir Walter Scott's trust-deed of February, 1829, £21,000 remain unpaid, exclusive of interest; excluding all other debts, the expenses of his journey, death bed, &c. the whole does not exceed £30,000. Now, such are the prospects of further profit from cheap editions of his writings, that the family are enabled to come forward and offer to the creditors upon trust the whole sum still due, deducting interest, which, there is no reason to doubt,

will be accepted.' Other papers also speak of the amount of debts yet remaining, and the resources available to meet them as being such as to render it highly improbable that the family residence will be disturbed.

GLEANINGS.

The elopement of Miss Scott, daughter of B. Scott, Esq. of Cahercon, with Mr. Maurice O'Connell, M. P., was announced in Limerick on Saturday. The young lady left her father's house on Friday night, and it is said the lovers have bent their way towards Scotland. They passed through this city on Saturday. Mr. O'Connell had purchased here, on Friday, a beautiful post-chariot, no doubt to be used in this matrimonial expedition. Miss Scott has a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, independently of large family expectations.—*Limerick paper.*

Bread in Paris and London.—The price of bread which had been fixed for the last fortnight of August, at 18d. in Paris, for the loaf of four pounds, has been reduced to 7d. for the last fortnight of September, and a new reduction has just taken place. The price of fine bread is fixed at 7d. for the four-pound loaf for the first fortnight of October, and that of household bread at 5d. In London the bakers have lowered the price of the 4lb. loaf one penny; which loaf, by the highest bakers, will now be sold for 8d. On the whole, England is as cheap to live in as France for the poor man. Luxuries are lower.—*Eng. press.*

Sir Stratford Canning has conveyed to Sir Edward Thomason, from the Sultan, a present of a splendid diamond snuff-box, of exquisite workmanship, in testimony of his approval of Sir Edward's scientific work, illustrative of the Holy Scriptures. Sir Edward is the first individual who has ever received the thanks of a Turkish emperor for a work of art exhibiting the principal events of the Christian religion.

Bread.—The London bakers in answer to questions put to them by the committee of the House of Commons in England, appointed during scarcity, to devise means of affording relief, asserted that three stale loaves were equal to five fresh ones.

The *Marquis of Waterford* has ordered his agent instantly to rebuild houses on his property in the town of Coleraine, for the purpose of giving immediate relief to the tradesmen and labourers, which the deserted state of the town, in consequence of the prevalence of cholera, threw out of employment. In addition to this he has sent 50 guineas to the Board of Health. Such conduct is most praiseworthy in a young Nobleman, and we trust the example will be followed.—*Derry Sentinel.*

Postage.—One of the papers says that 'a letter, post marked New Orleans, was lately received at the New York Post Office, the postage on which was \$298, which sum was paid at the N. Orleans office.' This is pronounced the highest sum ever paid as postage since the establishment of the N. York Post Office, with the exception of \$100, paid during the war on a letter from Newport. If this be correct, there is little property in giving the name of a letter to a parcel that must have weighed from 25 to 30 lbs.

Restitution.—The Secretary of the Treasury of the U. S. acknowledges the receipt of \$500, transmitted anonymously by the mail from Philadelphia, 'for duties on goods not before accounted for.'

The Jews.—We find in the papers an account of a visit to the U. S., and first to this city, of Rabbi Enoch, on a mission from the Jews in Jerusalem, to request pecuniary assistance for his brethren there, who are represented as suffering under great poverty, and the oppression of the Turks. The Rabbi is the bearer of a letter to Mr. Noah, setting forth the object. His design is countenanced by the Rev. Messrs. Schroeder, Broadhead, Phillips, Brownlee, and others. The aid required is to meet a contribution laid on them by the Turks of \$50,000. We do not see that they will not be just as badly off when this is paid, as at present; because if one exaction is successful, another will follow. However, we present the case for consideration.

Rail Road Conveyance.—The Petersburg, Va. Intelligencer, reports that the Locomotive 'Roanoke' and her train of cars, made the trip between Petersburg and the Central Depot (30 miles), a few days since, in an hour and forty minutes; stopping twenty-five minutes by the way to take in wood and water.

The *Samen* of the packet ship *Hibernia*, lately arrived from Liverpool, have published a card to express their acknowledgments to Miss *Douglas* of this city, who came passenger in the said vessel, 'for the generosity and kindness evinced by her to them, in presenting each of them with a new Jacket, and entertaining them with a Dinner at her house.'

An Annapolis paper tells us of a *macrel*, 'three feet ten inches long, and measuring eighteen and a half inches round the body,' caught in Severn River, a few days since.

Indian emigration.—An Arkansas paper of 7th ult. mentions the arrival of a delegation from the Seminoles from Florida, on their way to explore the country west of Arkansas, for a residence near the emigrant Creeks.

A plain but handsome monument, an obelisk, rising to the height of about 30 feet has been erected at Greensburgh, Pa. in memory of Gen. Arthur St. Clair, by the members of the Masonic Society.

Sugar to the Poles.—We understand that the West Point Cadets have transmitted \$500 to the Treasurer of the Polish Committee, as their contribution for the relief of these gallant exiles in America.

(Continued from 3d page.)

house he took breakfast, desirous of doing him all honour, borrowed a silver tray from her neighbour, who lent it at once, begging to be allowed to carry it to the table herself, that she might look upon the Author of Waverley. "The highest compliment," said Sir Walter, "I ever received, was paid me by a soldier of the Scots Greys; I strove to get down to Alington Street on the Coronation day, and applied for help to a sergeant who guarded the way; he shook his head saying, 'Countryman, I can't help you.' I whispered my name—his face kindled up, and he said, 'Then, by —, Sir, you shall go down!' he instantly gave me an escort."

Among the latter works of Sir Walter, the one from which I have derived as much pleasure as any, is his 'Tales of a Grandfather,' where he has related all that is poetic or picturesque, or characteristic, in the History of Scotland. The second series particularly, comprehending the period between the accession of James to the throne of England, and the Union of the whole Island—is above all interesting. It contains all the episodic occurrences, which such a history as Hume's was too stately to admit; and, indeed, no one will find elsewhere such a lively image of the domestic state of the country, or such an impartial and accurate account of the passions, heart burnings, and fatal rencounters that took place between the two proud, high-spirited kingdoms, before they became, in every sense of the word, as one. I have no wish, however, to attempt a delineation—nor even to enumerate all the works which this eminent man poured upon the world, thick and fast, during his latter days. It may be sufficient to say, that in his lastest effusions a spirit was visible, with which no living man could cope, and that, in the least popular, there were passages in abundance, equalling his earliest work, when he first began to give the world the advantage of his musings. We must consider, too, that he was now in his declining years, working both against time and fortune; that his whole heart was applied to the colossal task of retrieving himself, and satisfying his creditors, and that it was his duty to do the best he could to perform an engagement, which seemed to all but himself too great for his strength. On this, he feelingly touches in his last piece, written on his birthday, in 1831, and says, when he found himself involved in the sweeping catastrophe of 1830, he surrendered on the instant every shred of property which he had been accustomed to call his own. Among other works which accrued to his fancy, was that of a new edition of his Novels, illustrated with engravings—and, more valuable still, with notes, indicating the sources of story and of character; Caledon of Edinburgh, an old and tried friend, became the publisher, and this beautiful edition is now to be seen on every table, and found everywhere.

Sometime in the beginning of the year 1831, a sore illness came upon him; his astonishing efforts to satisfy his creditors, began to exhaust a mind apparently unshakable; and the world heard with concern that a paralytic stroke had affected his speech and his right hand, so much as to render writing a matter of difficulty. One of his letters to me, of this period, is not written with his own hand: the signature is his, and looks cramped at work. I visited him at Abbotsford, about the end of July, 1831: he was a degree more feeble than I had ever seen him, and his voice seemed affected, not so his activity of fancy and surprising resources of conversation. He told anecdotes, and recited scraps of verse, old and new, always tending to illustrate something passing. He showed me his armory, in which he took visible pleasure; and was glad to hear the commend the design of his house, as well as the skill with which it was built. His heart seemed bound to the place: it is said, that he felt more pleasure in being thought the builder of Abbotsford, and the layer out of the ground, and plantations around it, which certainly seemed most tastefully done, than to be thought the author of the Waverley Novels. 'This I am unwilling to believe.' Of Abbotsford, and its fine armory and library, he might well, indeed, be proud: they contained presents from the first men of the world, either for rank or talent: the collection of volumes relating to the history, poetry, and antiquaries of Scotland, is extensive. In a small room, half library and half armory, he usually sat and wrote; here he had some remarkable weapons, curious pieces of old Scottish furniture, such as chairs and cabinets, and an antique sort of table, on which lay his writing materials. A crooked headed staff of Abbotsford oak or hazel, usually lay beside him to support his steps as he went and came. These who wish to have a distinct image of the illustrious poet, seated at his ease in this snug room, may look at Allan's portrait lately exhibited; or those who wish to see him when, touched with ill health, he felt the approach of death, will also, I hear, be satisfied; a painting is in progress from the same hand, showing Sir Walter, as he lately appeared—lying on a couch in his principal room: all the windows are closed save one admitting a strong central light, and showing all that the room contains, in deep shadow, or in strong sunshine.

When it was known that Sir Walter's health declined, the deep solicitude of all ranks became manifest: strangers came from far lands to look on the house which contained the great genius of our times; inquirers flocked around, of humble and of his high degree, and the amount of letters of inquiry or condolence was, I have heard, enormous. Amongst the visitors, not the least welcome was Wordsworth, the poet, who arrived when the air of the northern hills was growing too sharp for the enfeebled frame of Scott, and he had resolved to try if the fine air and climate of Italy would restore him to health and

strength. The following fine sonnet was composed by the poet of Rydal, beneath the roof of his illustrious brother in song; the kindness of the editor of the 'Literary Souvenir' enables me to work it into my narrative.

A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light;
Fogged, and bangs o'er Ebbles' triple height;
Spirits of Power assembled there conjoin;
For lo! the Power departing from their night;
Wide Tiber, then planned in slanting a baricade;
Sofiens his voice, again, and yet again;
Laf up your banners, ye Mountains! for the night
Of the whole world's good wishes with him go;
His fingers of power, and his eye of fire;
Then onward, know, to London's reaper know;
Follow the wordless Power, the Power;
Ye winds of heaven and the world, in awe;
Waiting your chariot to sail Parting day!

When government heard of Sir Walter's wishes, they offered him a ship; he left Abbotsford, as many thought, for ever, and arrived in London, where he was welcomed as never mortal was welcomed before. He visited several friends, nor did he refuse to mingle in company, and having written something almost approaching to a farewell to the world, which was published with 'Castle Dangerous,' the last of his works, he set sail for Italy, with the purpose of teaching at Malta. He seemed revived but it was only for a while; he visited Naples, but could not enjoy the high honours paid to him. He visited Rome, and sighed, and it is said, he looked at the glorious works of art for gray Melrose and the pleasant banks of Tweed, and, pushing out of Italy, proceeded homewards down the Rhine. Word came to London, that a dreadful attack of paralysis had nearly deprived him of life, and that but for the presence of mind of a faithful servant he must have perished. This alarming news was closely followed by his arrival in London: a strong desire of home had come upon him; he travelled with fatal rapidity night and day, and was all but worn out, when carried into St. James's Hotel, Jernyn Street, by his servants. As soon as he had recovered a little, he ordered his journey to be resumed, and on Saturday, July 17th, 1832, departed by sea to Scotland, reached Abbotsford, and seemed revived. He recognized and spoke kindly to several friends; smiled when borne into his library; listened with patience awaiting to pleasure, to the reading of passages from the poems of Crabbe and Wordsworth; and was always happiest when he had his children around him. When he was leaving London, the people, wherever he was recognized, took off their hats, saying, "God bless you Sir Walter!" His arrival in Scotland was hailed with the same sympathetic greetings and so much was his spirit cheered, that hopes were entertained of his recovery. But the cloud gradually descended upon him; he grew weaker and weaker—and, on the 21st of September, 1832, died amidst his family without any appearance of pain. On his head being opened, part of the brain was found injured; several globules of a watery nature were found pressing upon it. He was buried at Dryburgh, on Wednesday, September 25th: the hills were covered, and the villages filled with mourners; he was borne from the house by his own domestics, and laid in the grave by the hands of his children.

In person Sir Walter Scott was nearly six feet high, well framed, strongly knit and compactly built; his eyes were long and sinewy; his locks steel and commanding, and his face as he related a heroic story flushed up as a red hot cup, when one fills it with wine. His eyes were deep seated under his somewhat shaggy brow; their colour was a bluish grey; they laughed more than his lips did at a humorous story; his tower-like head, and thin white hair, marked him out among a thousand, while any one might swear to his voice again who heard it once, for it had both a touch of the deep and the burr, yet, as the minstrel said of Douglas, "it became him wonder well," and gave great softness to a somewhat stony; indeed, I imagined that he kept the burr part of the tone for matters of a factious or humorous kind, and brought out the deep part in those of tenderness or woe. When I add, that in a meeting of a hundred men, his hat was sure to be the least, and would fit no one's head but his own, I have said all that I have to say about his appearance. He delighted in manly exercises; in his youth he was foremost in all sports of harmless mischief; his health, as he wrote to Sir Andrew Halliday continued excellent till the year 1820, when stitches in his sides and cramps in his stomach attacked him, and were mastered with difficulty. He loved to ride in a short coat, with wide trousers, on a little stout galloway, and the steepest hill did not stop him, nor the deepest water daunt him; it was his pleasure moreover to walk out frequently among his plantations, with a small lute and a hand saw, with which he lopped off superfluous boughs, or removed an entire tree, when it was marred the growth of others.

He was widely and generally beloved—his great genius hardly equalled the kindness of his heart, and the generosity of his nature. I do not mean that he stood foremost in all subscriptions which were likely to be advertised; I mean that he aided the humble and the deserving; he assumed no patronizing airs, and wished rather to be thought doing an act of kindness to himself, than obliging others. To his friendship I owe so much, that I know not the extent of what I owe; through him, two of my sons are Engineer officers in the East India Company's service; and he did this, because, said he, complimenting and obliging me in the same sentence, "One Scottish Makker (Poet) should aid another." I never heard him say an unkind word of any one; and if he said a sharp one, which on some occasions he did, he instantly softened the impression by relating some kind-

ly trait. The sternest words I ever heard him utter were concerning a certain poet: "That man," he said, "has had much in his power, but he never befriended rising genius yet." I could not say anything to the contrary. He delighted in looking at old ruins, and he loved to converse with old people of any station, but particularly shepherds. He had a great respect for landmarks: he knew and could describe every battle field in Britain; he had visited the best scenes of the best Scottish songs, and had drinking cups from the Bash aboon Traquair, the Broom of the Cowdenknowes, and Alloway's auld haunted kirk. He disliked to see a stone displaced on an old castle wall, or a field ploughed up which was famed in story; and I was told, he was never seen moved to anger, save once, and that was against a clergyman, who unthinkingly began to remove one of the large gray stones which mark the tragic event, recorded in that mournful ballad—"The Dowie Dens of Yarrow."

Of his habits as an author, I know little, save what he happened to tell me, or what I casually gathered from men intimate with him. He told me that he was an early riser: I have since learned, that his usual hour of beginning to write was seven o'clock in the morning; that he continued it, saving the brief hour of breakfast, till one, and sometimes two o'clock; then shaved, dressed, and went to the hills with his favourite dogs—two tall rough strong hounds, fit to pull down a stag, and, after some hours' exercise, returned to see such friends as chance or invitation brought to his door. By this mode of economizing time, he marched fast on with a romance; as he was always inspired alike when in health, he had no occasion to wait for the descent of the muse, but dashed away at the rate of sixteen pages of print daily. He wrote freely and without premeditation; and his corrections were beyond all example few. When he wrote fastest he wrote best, because his heart was in trim. Though the most accomplished author of his day, yet he had none of the airs of authorship; and when he came forth from his study, he laid aside the poet's mantle and put on the dress of the country gentleman who knew the world, and loved to practise courtesy and indulge in hospitality. He was a proud man—not a proud poet, or historian, or novelist; he loved to be looked on as a gentleman of old family, who built Abbotsford, and laid out his gardens and planted its avenues, rather than a genius, whose works influenced mankind and diffused happiness among millions. It was not of the builder or the planter, that the people of Glasgow thought, when they lowered their colours in the Clyde shipping half-mast high, the moment they heard of his death; but perhaps the truest compliment ever uttered, was by the west country weaver: "The only consolation which I have," said he, "in these times of depression, is in reading Walter Scott's novels."

The genius of Scott was almost universal; he has shown himself great in every way that literature has displayed itself in for these hundred years: Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, and Byron, have each, in their particular line, equaled or excelled him; but then he has excelled them all, save perhaps the first, in the combination of many and various excellencies. He was poet, historian, biographer, novelist and critic. As a poet, he may dispute in many things supremacy with the loftiest of his day; as a historian, he is only equaled by Southey; as a biographer, he had not the highest success, because he took up the characters of the changeable Dryden and the shuffling Swift; as a critic he ranks with the best; and as a novelist, he is not only unrivalled, but he stands on the scale of excellence above all preceding writers save Cervantes.

By his poetry he was first known to the world, though much of the prose of his 'Border Minstrelsy' shows the largeness and variety of his powers. The astonishing ease, vigour, and vehemence of his verse captivated all Europe. His poems are a succession of historical figures, which have all the fine proportion and well-defined forms of sculpture, with this difference—they move, and speak, and act, and are inspired with love or heroism, according to the will of the poet. I have made this allusion to a sister art, to show that I think the aid of science is necessary in the conception of the characters of Epic song, and that nature must be refined and elevated. Yet, though works of art, the heroes of Scott have less of the repose of sculpture about them, than any characters with which I am acquainted. No one, since the days of Homer, has with a burning and impetuous breath, sung of the muster, the march, the onset, and all the fiery vicissitudes of battle. He remembers the precept of Punch, and keeps moving; his soldiers are not like those of the gifted Gildan, who were anuberged by the way, and tarried for a word of refreshment in season; and the poet is not the

Rational Legend.

Who in trim gardens takes his pleasure,
Of Milton, but a leader blessed with a ready promptitude of soul, who eyes his enemy, marks a vulnerable part, and rushes to the fray at once. I know nothing, in verse, to compare with many of the passages of his historical poems—the 'Night march of Deloraine,' and his winning the magic book, in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel'; the battle scene, and the quarrel with the Earl of Angus, in 'Marion'; the ambush of Roderick Dhu, and his single combat with Fitz James, in the 'Lady of the Lake'; the deeds of Bertram Risingham, in 'Rokeby'; and the characters and different bearings of Robert and Edward Bruce, with the ambush which surprised the Castle of Kildrummie, in the 'Lord of the Isles,' are alike unequalled and wonderful. Action—action—action is the fault as well as the excellence of Scott: Tasso and Spenser have indulged their heroes with pastoral retirements and

bowers of bliss; and Milton himself soothes even his devils with a sort of uneasy repose;—but Scott seldom deviates from the highway which leads to the catastrophe; his soldiers pluck no flowers by the road to decorate their arms; and save in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' the poet never allows the characters to pause and contemplate. In this he resembles Byron, and differs from all other poets. His verse is easy, flowing, and various, and, though resembling in many points that of the old romances, is decidedly original in all that is important.

Of his powers as a historian, I have already spoken. He took Froissart more for his model than he did Hume; though he speaks both to eye and mind, he chiefly consults the former. His battle scenes in his 'Napoleon,' are in a different style from those in his poems, because personal valour ruled in the elder days of war, as much as mind rules now. 'The Battle of the Pyramids' is a moving and animated scene; the master-mind of Napoleon triumphed, without much exertion over the most magnificent body of cavalry the world perhaps ever saw: we are made to see, that individual valour is fought against the military mathematics of the new school of conquest. The same may be said of the European battles, while to the scientific beauty of the Emperor's combinations, he adds the ready whirlwind charges of Murat of the Snowy Plume; the impetuosity of the intrepid Ney, the readiness of the spoiled child of victory, Massena; the sagacity and skill of Soult, and the heavy bravery of Vandamme. Nor is he less happy in his domestic pictures, though he loves most the camp and the battle—the siege and the storm. His style is too familiar now and then, and he sometimes wants brevity; he is, however, honest and fair in his estimates of public and private character: and one may answer many of his sternest critics, by asking them, could he, with any consistency, love alike the Napoleon of the year 1796, and the Napoleon of the year 1806?

His biographies, in which I include the characters of the novelists, as well as the lives of Dryden and Swift, have many sagacious and impressive passages, and are neither deficient in critical skill, nor in the perception and delineation of character. But they are too diffused, disconnected, and rambling. His comparison of Fielding and Smollet, is as just as it is beautiful; but his mind was too extensive to be limited long to the contemplation of one point: he failed here in comparison with his other works, from exuberance of fancy and over-abundance of knowledge. In criticism, he was airy and graceful, sagacious and profound, as the subject required: his estimate of Byron is nearly the truth than his estimate of Burns; the station of the former gilds his follies, and makes his wildest and most licentious sallies pass for the brave things of a nobleman; while the rash sayings and reckless wit of the latter, are set down to the nature of the man, and imputed to a sort of studied contempt for the forms of society and general civilities of social life. I know not that he is so profound a critic as he is a pleasant and instructive one: he leads us towards his subject through beds of lilies, and along haunted brooks; and we grow so charmed with our guide, that we nearly forget the object of our journey.

All the qualities which enchained us in his poetry and history are united in his romances: his historical eyes were addressed more exclusively to minds polished by study, and to all who had any pretence to imagination; he appeals to the same feelings in his prose romances, but adds, what the other could not from its nature admit, the dramatic droppings and humbler humanities of rustic life. He has thus seized on the hearts of all ranks: the loftiest imagination will be pleased with his fights—which often approach the clouds, but never enter them; and the humblest intellect in the scale of Spurzheim cannot resist being moved with his familiar delineations—which often touch the debatable land of propriety, but never pass the border. It is this singular union of the higher and lower qualities, which raises him in my opinion—! speak from the pleasure a work affords me, and not by any rule—above all novelists who ever wrote, with the exception of Cervantes: he lives more in the upper, and as much in the lower air as Fielding; he has all the fertility of Smollet, but never caricatures; he has all the poetic fancy and tenderness of Wilson, brightened with sallies of wit, and the quaint, blunt humour of the clouted shoe; and he has a command over human character far more extensive than all other novelists put together. The rapid vehemence of his narrative, which, like the morning sun, glances on the loftiest and most striking points of the landscape, is nothing compared with his portraits of individual character: here he is as inexhaustible as nature; they all belong also to the places where he puts them, as naturally as an acorn belongs to its cup: he gives us their likeness in a few happy touches, and then proceeds to endow them with sentiments, and lead them into action. Some authors are happy in having imagined one successful character: Scott has raised them in battalions; all vigorous in body and soul; their speech coloured somewhat by their condition and means of knowledge; and all as different as a sensitive plant is from a Scotch thistle. In this, no one is worthy of being named with him, save Shakespeare; but Scott's sympathy with human nature is more generous and wide-reaching than that of the great dramatist, who has no Duncans, Headriggs, Ochiltrees, or Monplies—his peasants are pea-coated fads; his citizens dolts or heroes of Elia's cheap. All with Scott is easy: he never labours; he never seems to say the half of what he could say on any subject, while most other authors write till the theme is exhausted. No other genius ever exercised over the world so wide a rule: no one, perhaps, ever united so many great—almost god-like

qualities, and employed them so generously for the benefit of the living. It is not to us alone that he has spoken: his voice will delight thousands of generations unborn, and charm his country while wood grows and water runs.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF SCOTT.

By Robert Gilfillan.

The Minstrel sleeps!—the charm is o'er,
The bowl beside the fount is broken,
And we shall hear that Harp no more
Whose tones to every land hath spoken!

The Minstrel sleeps!—and common clay
Claims what is only common now;
His eye hath lost its kindling ray,
And darkness sits upon his brow!

The Minstrel sleeps!—the spell is past,
His spirit's last flight hath taken;
The magic-world hath broke at last,
Whose touch all things to life could wake!

The Minstrel sleeps!—the glory's fled,
The soul's return'd back to the Giver,
And all that e'er could die, is dead,
Of him whose name shall live for ever!

The Minstrel sleeps!—and Genius mourns
In tears of woe, and sighs of sorrow!
For though each day his song returns,
The Minstrel's voice, it knows no sorrow!

The Minstrel sleeps!—and Death, oh, thou
Hast had the Mighty with the slane—
The mantle fallen, is folded now—
And who may it unfold again?

From the Atlas.

THE PADUAN COUNT.

A well-written story of Italian life and manners, resembling in some points the popular tale of Caluso, given in the last volume of the Atlas, supplies the material for the following extracts and abridgement.

"The language of Italy in climate, manners, and pursuits, melts away all individual character in the central-southern divisions of the land. But the north, in its aspects of manner propensities. The wind blows upon of mind and body from the Alps. Beyond the hills lie Switzerland, the country of penury and aridity; Germany, the country of toil, mentally and bodily. Even the rough mountaineer of the Alps gives his share to the general activity of the region; and even the Venetian, though glancing on a different landscape that spreads like the waves of a summer sea to the south, feels the spirit of the Alps and forests in him, at every breath, from those noble bulwarks of the land. The character of the Italian is thus mingled of contending elements, and in balance directs, it is propelled to the lavish indulgence of the Neapolitan, or to the hardy habits of the region that every morning glimmers with its ten thousand pyramids of marble, and its ten times ten thousand pinnacles of eternal snow above his head, or to the north. The Count Antonio di Carara was a Paduan noble, descended from the famous Cararas, Princes of Padua. Antonio was a true Italian, steeped to the lips in the spirit of the south, elegant, courteous, and languid. But the vicinage of the north had its share in his composition. His life was a man. His paternal equance flowed away on singing, dancing, and dilettanti. He wrote sonnets,—he composed epigrams,—he even invented a new fashion for wearing the hat and plume; and was the first authority consulted on every new arrival of a first-rate maestro of the violin, the sword, dancing dogs, any thing.

But the spirit of the Alps was not altogether extinguished. Antonio began to grow weary of lingering for ever in the midst of the equables of bulging priests and effeminate dragoons, the abbeys of convents, and opera singers, all perfection, and all ready to poison or poison each other. The Austrian grasp, too, was heavy on the politics of his calm and venerable city. Yet it had charms still, whose well defined even the teeth of time, and the insolence of the Austrian corporals.

Padua, as all the world knows, is the paradise of the *Pasquetti*, the original Castle of Indolence, the Palace of Slumber; the soft, silent, somnolent downland of Italy. The air itself slumbers, the grape-peddlers nod on the vines, the mules tread as if they were shod with felt; and though Padua produces no longer the silk and velvet that once made her name memorable to the ends of the earth, the genius of them both is in every thing. All is silky, smooth, and gravely superb. A drowsy population yawns through life in a drowsy city, taught the art of doing nothing by a drowsy university. The old glories of Paduan science are gone to sleep; her thousand doctors, once shedding wisdom into her myriad of students, have sunk down into shudders of poppies, a innocent old fingers among the shelves of her eighty libraries, dry as their dust, silent as their sunsets, and not half so active as the moths that revel in their sultry sunshine. Life creeps away in eating grapes, and drinking the worst wine in the world; in having the *Malaria* fever in summer, and the pleurisy in winter, in sitting under the shade of sumbrant trees that mock the eye with the look of verdure, and all into dust at a touch; and in blackening the visage over wood fires that make man the rival, in odour, colour, and countenance, of the bear's ham that hangs on his chimney.

Antonio loved this velvet way of gliding through the world; and in this taste fulfilled all the duties that the world expects from a citizen of Padua. But in Padua, even this graceful lover of his ease was not altogether tranquil. One day when he was indulging in the memory of cool air, for the reality of it was

not to be found in even his marble palace, the month being August, and the heavens burning over the national head like the roof of an immense furnace, the Count of Carara was roused from lying at his full length on a sofa in a veranda that overlooked his ample gardens, by the announcement of a stranger with letters of introduction. The stranger was admitted—the letters were from a cousin of the Count, a general in the Austrian service, recommending the Herr Maximilian Balto to his good offices, as a Hungarian of family addicted to science, and who was attracted to Italy by his desire to see the wonders and beauties of the most famous and lovely land of the world.

The stranger was a man of mature age, with a form bowed by either years or study, and a pale but highly intelligent countenance. The Count's picturesque eye immediately set him down as an admirable study for a painter, and his place in the Titian gallery of the palazzo was fixed on before he uttered a word. But Antonio was equally susceptible of the charms of conversation; and the stranger's conversation was adapted to captivate a man of his skill in the graceful parts of life. The Herr Maximilian had travelled much, had seen every thing that was remarkable in the principal regions of the globe, and had known or seen the principal personages of the time. His conversation was admirable; easy, fluent, and various; its animation never flagged, its variety never degenerated into trifling, nor its description into caricature. The Count, a man of higher capacities than any that would be required by the indulgence of his life, felt his intellectual consciousness revived. He was, as all men are, delighted with the discovery; entered at once into the full enjoyment of his awakened understanding, and began to wonder what he had been thinking of during the last thirty years.

To suffer the friend who had done him this service to take his departure as suddenly as he came, was out of the question. He pressed him to make the palazzo his residence for a week; the week passed, the request was lengthened to a month; the month passed away only to convince the Count that, without the society of the accomplished Hungarian, Padua would become dull to an intensity beyond all human suffering. The request was extended to a year. His guest smiled, but told him that matters of importance compelled him to think of returning homeward; and that though he was determined to revisit Italy and the Count, some years must elapse before his return.

A year passed away, but not like the years before. The Hungarian was a philosopher, and the word had many meanings at the time. He had seen many nations, and the view had not raised his conception of human nature; he had lived under various governments, and his conception of the wisdom of kings and the happiness of their subjects did not prevent him from an occasional sarcasm on both; he was a man of imagination, and one of its employments was the construction of an Utopia. He was a man of science, and the sudden discoveries of the French and German chemists in the last century had kindled him into the reveries of the century before, and made him a searcher after the philosopher's stone. What must have been the power and impulse of so much curious speculation, inventive skill, bold theory, and actual knowledge, pouring suddenly upon the sensitive spirit of an Italian, around for the first time to a feeling of his sensitiveness! It was the sudden opening of his curtains at midnight, to show him the blaze of a conflagration; the sudden burst of sunshine on the eyes of the blind, the sudden perception that there was round him, not the monotonous luxury of an Italian palace, but the vividness, activity, and intellectual vigour of a world, a world all alive, vigorous, stirring, fierce, enthusiastic, brilliant, a world in which ambition might fly abroad, until it wearied its widest wing; in which vanity might play its most fantastic game, in which philosophy might build its noblest conceptions, till they reached to the very gates of heaven; in which science might explore the depth of things until it reached the centre; a world of grandeur, beauty, strength, weakness, life, immortality; a world of wonders.

The luxurious Italian became the philosopher; he rose with the sun, he studied till midnight, he plunged into the mysteries of science, he grew reclus, pale, and severe. But the delight of discovery repaid all the labours of the pursuit. The transmutation of metals, that most dazzling dream of science, which will dazzle to the end of time, and lead a dreamer to the end of time, led him onward, with an enthusiast's disregard of all things but his crucible. In the meanwhile he himself had become an object of attention; and the Count Carara had already marked the day and hour when he was to become master of the grand secret of this world's wealth, when a knock at his study door disturbed him in the midst of the operation, and a corporal of grenadiers handed a paper to him, containing an order for his arrest on the ground of freemasonry.

The Count was indignant at the interruption; the fire of the Italian character blazed out in wrath at the insolence of disturbing a noble in his own sanctuary; but the corporal had no ears for reason, the bayonets at his back were better arguers, and in the midst of a platoon of whiskered giants, the philosopher was marched first into the presence of the governor—who informed him that his estate was confiscated to the use of better subjects, of whom the governor himself was to be presumed the most deserving;—and next to the well known Torre di Ercellina.

There is nothing which decays more rapidly than the imagination in prison. The first day's solitude, the second day's solitude, and the third day's solitude drove every phantom from his presence. The age of

poetry was no more; the clank of the sentinel's pike, and the rattle of the jailor's keys, reclaimed him from the dominion of magic, and he began to descend in thought to that world, to which he was never likely to descend in reality, but on his way to the scaffold.

A prison strips off the embroidery of life prodigiously; and in the course of this operation Carara discovered that he had a wife and child. That wife he had purchased at the cost of the only struggle which had marked his silken existence. Julia di Monteleone had been the most celebrated beauty of the Court of Milan, had been sought in sonnets and serenades, in love, and even in marriage, by a hundred cavaliers of the highest grades, had laughed at all, scorned many, repelled some with open contempt, and finally taken refuge from the universal storm of sighs in the Palazzo di Carara, to which she brought a large dowry, a noble alliance, the handsomest face in Italy, and one of the highest hearts that ever spoke in coral lips and diamond eyes. The choice was made, like all the choices of women, by the eye; Carara was the finest figure, the best dancer, and the most brilliant in his equipages of any of the myriad who paid their homage at the shrine of the lady's loveliness. The point was then decided. The prize, however, was not to be won in a nation of swordsmen and dagger-bearers, without its hazard. It cost him three duels with the indignant suitors, and had nearly cost him his life, by a steady blow of a dagger in his side, as he was in the act of handing his bride into her chariot at the door of the Grand Opera. He fell covered with blood, languished for a month on the verge of death, was cheered by the beautiful lady's redoubled protestations of living or dying with him, and recovered only to be the most envied husband from the Alps to the Apennines.

But this was but a thunderbolt plunged into a labor; it flashed blazed, and shook the waters from shore; it was extinguished, and the waters were as smooth as glass again, no breath disturbing their blue placidity, the quiet mirror of the quietest of all skies. Carara had brought his noble bride to his palazzo, showed her to the homage of his hundred domestics in new costumes of scarlet and gold, walked with her through his spacious apartments, marble floored, and glowing with the frescoes of Giorgione and Spagnoletti; had pointed out to her vivid glance the Titians, the Raphaels, and the Tintorets, had unfolded the purple curtains which concealed the virgin bosoms of the Madonna of Correggio from the profane eye; had given a concert to her on her arrival, and a ball to the *polo*, and every sort that called itself noble for ten leagues round Padua; and then—returned quietly to his tranquil career, subsided out of the world's hearing, layed into Elysian slumber; listened to the murmurs of his fountains, and the cooing of his doves; till they both sent him to sleep, and wrapping his soul in more than all the silks and velvets of the land, he prepared himself to dream through the world.

The heart, stilled by the trappings of prosperity, often learns to hear only when the trappings are plucked away. Carara the prisoner in his cell, was a different being from Carara the elegant, but weary voluptuary in his palace. The vision of his wife and child came before him, and made him often forget the massive beams and iron standards that stood between him and those whom he loved. He revolved the hours which he had flung away, the equipments which he had flung away with them; resolved, if his fortunes should turn again, to disdain the silver stream of life, and think of the surge; to show himself fit for something better than the master of French vallets, and the companion of Spanish lap-dogs, to take the goods that rank, wealth, and nature gave, and be a noble, a husband, and a father, and worthy of the names.

[The murmurings and miseries of his confinement are here depicted.]

"Suspense and solitude like this have driven many a man mad, and they were fast driving the quick brain of Carara to see phantoms, and hold dialogues with the creatures of the brain; when one evening as the jailor paid his last visit for the night, he suddenly touched the Count's hand. The twilight was too deep to allow of his discerning the features of the man who stood before him; but his voice, lowered to a whisper as it was, showed that he was not the rugged old Trasteverin, who had hitherto so stubbornly refused to listen to a syllable from him. Hope kindled wildly in his forlorn heart, he sprang on his feet, and desired the jailor to name the price of his deliverance. The answer was a plain one, and a true one: "That if the Count Carara was to escape, it was not his money that would make it worth any man's while to help him; for the Count Carara was for the last three months not worth a sequin in the world." The news smote heavily on the ear of the prisoner; but he had not heard it for the first time. It had been a part of the governor's insulting communication on his arrest. Yet it now came with a weight of which he once could have formed no conception. Money had poured in upon him like a flood from his infancy; and he had learned to look of it no more than of the air which he breathed, as a common privilege of a certain rank, and the cap badge of the phylloxera of that rank. But now it was life or death. The man in which he had lavished his money or a trinket, might make the difference to him between a career of wretchedness or peace, of a life dragged out in the bitterness of chains, or of calmness, freedom, and honour."

[At night he was silently released by some unknown agent.]

"The Herr Balto had been his preserver. 'I owed you some compensation,' said the Hungarian,

'for bringing you within the fangs of your blockhead of a governor. Philosophy seems not to be in fashion among your men of macaroni; and it would have been better for the Count Carara to have taken a crocodile into his palace than an unlucky stranger, who knew nothing but a little chemistry.'

The Count, delighted with his liberty, would not suffer his friend to utter a syllable in depreciation of either himself or his science; and proceeded to express his regret, that, under the present circumstances, he had nothing to offer but thanks. The Hungarian laughed long and loud.

'Count,' said he, observing his look of surprise at this unexpected mirth, 'I must beg your allowance for the odd way in which the simplest things sometimes appear before an odd being, such as I must acknowledge that I am. But the truth is, that I could not resist the contrast between your luxuries in that paradise of marbles and mosaic, and this rueful hovel. However, I rejoice to find in you the vigour of mind that belongs to the true philosopher; and if the Grand Secret shall ever be entrusted to mortal man, you may rely on it, that it will be entrusted only to the vigorous and the wise, to the powerful minds—that despite the chances of the world, or to the hard hearts that know how to force them to their own advantage. But what is to be done next?'

'Next!' exclaimed the indignant Count. 'What, but to shoot the insolent tool of office who has dared to insult a nobleman of Padua?'

'You will get nothing by that,' said the Hungarian; 'but the bad bargain of giving the life of a man of sense for that of a fool; sending a bullet through the brains of a simpleton, and laying the neck of a man of talents and honour on the scaffold.'

'Appeal to his Holiness then,' said Carara.

'Appeal to a council of a dozen old ladies, who must be first approached through a dozen monks' apiece, who are accessible only through ten times the number of valets, nuns, abbots, slaves, and leaves of all dimensions. Why, it would be easier to walk dry-shod from Seylla to Charibdis, than gain anything by this mode, but a *desperate*. In fact, I am perfectly perplexed with every view that I can take of the business.'

Carara's spirit rose with the crisis. 'Perseverance,' said he, after a few moments of silence, 'may check a man's steps on ordinary occasions. But the work that I can fortify life. I must not base my wife to flatter and my boy to shame. I shall return to the palazzo, there I meet my friends, and be a bold non-resistance, or, if that fail, by force, fight myself with this trifling and insolent governor, or die in the attempt.' 'Spoken like a knight of olden days,' said the Hungarian, 'and I have no doubt that you would do just enough to prove to the world that you were as brave as a lion, and as mad as the maddest inhabitant of the Ospedale di San Gregorio. But the Emperor has a particular aversion to lunatics of your order, and the inevitable consequence would be imprisonment for life for yourself, confiscation for your property, a new tenant for your palazzo, and a new example in your person of the inconvenience of contending against the powers that be. But your mention of the Emperor reminds me that he is now at Innsbruck. Let him a month ago at Vienna, preparing to set out on his journey, to pluck the Tyrolean eagle of some of its feathers. His departure or his presence is to persuade the Tyrolean that gent-shooting is a crime against nature, that a rifle is rebellion, and that a cock's feather in the hat is something not much better than a conspiracy against Austrian church and state. How likely he is to succeed, for he is not to doubt. However, you have struck upon the only point in our favour. Francis is honest by nature, very much afraid of the French by habit, and very anxious to be popular in Italy by policy. To the Emperor, then!' exclaimed Carara. 'There is but one objection,' observed his friend. 'The winter has set in roughly even here; what must it be among the mountains? I escaped a tempest with some difficulty but three days ago, which I saw covering the whole of the Tyrolean. I should not be surprised to hear that the Brenner is by this time totally impassable. As for the passes to the west, the travellers from the Spilgen and the Helvia have reported them filled up with snow for the last fortnight.'

The horrors of any attempt to cross the Brenner mountains forty years since, were sufficient to shake the stout hearts even of the carriers and contrabandists of the Alpine regions, and Carara acknowledged the little probability which he could have of escaping the complicated trials of hunger, homelessness, and those terrible tempests which often swept away whole villages, and even huge portions of the mountains themselves. 'But let what will happen,' said he, 'I must see the Countess di Carara; see in what state the tyranny of our wretched government has left my house and property, and try what can be done to obtain justice or the spot.'

[Accordingly, at night he visited his palace, which he found despoiled by his accusers. His rage and indignation were heightened by the fact that his wife and child were nowhere to be seen. At length he discovered that they were safe.]

'A pavilion in the ample gardens, which had escaped the sight of the spoilers, had been their place of refuge. Their meeting once more, even under their calamities, was a source of happiness; and when Carara looked on the loveliness of his lovely and noble wife, and the fine countenance of his child, a boy just emerging from infancy, he felt, what his life of luxury had failed to tell him, that there were enjoyments in the world which the highest rank and wealth could neither give nor take away. The hours were now not like the lingering hours of his wretched day; they flew;

the night was too short for the deep interest of the tale which the noble lady had to tell of her perturbations during the fearful interval of his absence; for his fond caresses of his child; for his own determination to obtain a full and bold redress, let the risk be what it might, or for the calm sagacity, and experienced consolation of his friend. At length day began to glitter on the tops of the cedars and limes, and the consultation must be at an end, if the Count would not hazard the loss of all chance of redress, by giving himself into the hands of his enemies, who would undoubtedly first seek him in his palace. It was agreed upon, that the Emperor was the only resource, but that from the utterly impassable nature of the mountains by one so little prepared for their difficulties as the Count, his mission should be sent by one of the mountain couriers, while he submitted to concealment until the arrival of the answer. The Countess now retired to rest. His friend threw himself on a sofa. But Carara had other objects than sleep. Taking down a dagger and pistol which hung in a private recess, he began sharpening the one and loading the other. The Hungarian's quick eye was instantly upon him; springing from the couch, he asked him whether he could be mad enough to think of using them against the governor. "No, no," was the reply. "Yesterday I might have been mad enough to use them against him, or against myself, or against any one; for I had begun to look upon mankind as a wild beast, which it was a kind of duty to destroy. But the last twelve hours have changed my mind on that point, and many others. I have been a member of the earth. I have lost thirty years of existence. I should not have been made a blank in life, if I had been flung out of my cradle into the Adige." The hearer started. "What is the purpose of all this?" was in his look of perplexity. "I had hoped," continued the Count, "to have escaped all question upon the subject, and to have kept my own counsel until I could show my good and manly-minded friend its fruits. I am determined to go on this mission myself. 'What you?' said the Hungarian, with a look of double perplexity. 'You, who know nothing of the route, of hardship, of the nature of the mountain terms? You will be swept away like a butterfly, or buried under some snow-drift before you have gone a league up the pass. This, too, at the season of the avalanches; every blast loosens some of them down, and the very boldest of the mountaineers will not stir a foot from their fire-places, until at least the equinox is over. It was but last week that a train of twenty mules, coming from Brixen, were carried away, muleteers and all, to the bottom of one of the lakes, under a mountain of snow, which will keep them there till doomsday.'

"The more necessary for me to try," said Carara, resolutely, "if I can find no other bearer of my despatch. The plain fact is, that a business like mine cannot be entrusted to a letter, nor even the letter to the negligence of a courier. The Emperor must receive a hundred appeals a day of the same kind, which he throws to his secretary, who throws them into the fire. The road may be difficult; but a man once in earnest, can make his way through more than the Brenner. I am in earnest, and I must at all events try. If I see the Emperor in person, I may succeed. Half a dozen words spoken by the injured party himself, are often worth a volume coldly laid before the eye. Francis is a man, and he will understand the language of a man; and by all that is honest or bold in man, he shall hear it from me. If I perish by the way, I perish, and that is all. There is an end of one whose life is a continual reproach to him. Apathy with me is at an end!—But the Countess?—'exposed his friend—'What will she say to this desperate experiment?'—'The Countess,' said Carara, with emotion, 'is a woman of spirit that deserves a nobler companionship than mine. I must retrieve myself in her eyes and in my own. Let us say no more on the subject. I wish to spare her the useless pain of parting. In half an hour I shall be on the road to the mountains. In the meantime I have provided for her safety.' He here wrote a few lines. 'I must leave this part of the business to you. Deliver this note to the old Marquis Adelschall of Ferrara. His friendship for me will suffer no decay by my fall; and his relationship to the Countess will insure her protection under his roof until I either accomplish my purpose, or am laid where human purposes disturb no one. Farewell.'

His hearer caught him by the cloak as he was rushing out, and grasped his hand—"Count Carara," said he, in a grave tone, "I believe we have not known each other until now. I now recognize you as the descendant of the illustrious founder of this place in which I stand. I confess that I too long looked on you as totally unmoved by the national habits, for the high duties of life. You are now a philosopher; and," he added, with a faint smile, "as it is peculiarly painful to part with a new and agreeable acquaintance, I must be suffered to continue the intercourse that has begun within these five minutes. Without a metaphor, you must let me go along with you." The Count's office was now come to remonstrate. But his friend's zeal was resistless. He pointed out so many advantages to the final success of the attempt, his knowledge of the road, his facilities of approach to the Emperor, his personal habits of court business, that, on the ground of justice to his family, the Count found it impossible to refuse his assistance. Within the half hour, they had passed through the city, the gates, and the suburbs; had left behind them the lazy nobles, the dozing doctors, the insolent governor, and the yawning population—seen the grey peaks of the Venetian Alps turning into gold and silver, the clouds showering robes as rich as ever Homer and Aulica

together showered on the camp by the Scamander; and with firm steps, whatever might be the heaviness of their hearts, were vigorously advancing on the high road to the Tyrol.

MARRIED.

In this city, Nov. 25th, John Jones, son of Peter Schermerhorn, Esq., to Mary, daughter of Philip Hone, Esq.
On the 29th, Mr. Abraham Decamp, to Ann, daughter of Mr. John Perrot.
On the same day, Mr. Jonathan M. Mosker, of Newark, to Miss Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Nicholas F. Dullager, of this city.
On the 22d, Mr. John H. Reque, to Miss Susan Archer.
On the 27th, Edward Jackson, Esq., of Marlborough, to Elizabeth Holwell, daughter of W. Y. Parvane, Esq., of Baltimore.
On the 29th, Mr. J. Farth, (of the firm of Farth & Hall) to Mrs. George Gray.
On the same day, Mr. Wm. H. Lurie, to Miss Susan C. Moore.
On the 24th, Henry C. Dwight, Esq., of Franklin, to Miss Anna A. Dwight, of this city.
On the 3d, Mr. Barnabas Russell, of Easton, Washington Co., to Miss Louisa S., daughter of Mr. Isaac Cook, of this city.
At the President's, on the 29th, by the Rev. Mr. Matthews, of the Catholic Church, Abner Paget, Esq., Secretary to the French Legation, to Miss Mary A. Lewis, daughter of Wm. B. Lewis, Esq., Second Auditor of the Treasury.
At Marlborough, Mass., on the 28th, Rev. Wm. C. Woodbridge, of Boston, editor of the "Annals of Education," to Miss L. V. Ann, daughter of the late Benjamin T. Reed, Esq., of Marlborough.
At Torrington, Staten Island, on the 29th, Mr. Abraham C. Baker, to Miss Phoebe Ann, daughter of the late Capt. John De Forest.
At New London, on the 25th, Mr. Benjamin Wright, of this city, to Miss Lucena H., daughter of Mr. J. French.
At Marlborough, on the 29th, George S. Schermerhorn, Esq., to Miss Maria L. Ginn.

DIED.

In this city, on the 26th inst., Dr. John Linn, aged 31 yrs., in the 20th mo., Elizabeth T., wife of Dr. Seelye S. Franklin, aged 22 years.
On the same day, Robert Newman Waite, Esq., aged 50.
On the 29th, Mr. Ludlow Dashedow, aged 51.
On the same day, Dr. Richard Cowell, Surgeon Dentist.
On the same day, Mrs. Alicia L., widow of Wm. A. Bost, merchant, aged 25.
On the same day, Mr. Jabez Calt, aged 57.
On the 29th, Mr. Isaac Quackenbush, aged 31.
On the same day, Mrs. Bridges, wife of Mr. H. Willey, aged 53.
On the 1st inst., M. Merselot Priver, aged 74.
At New Orleans, on the 13th, Mrs. Nancy, wife of Robert Quinn, formerly of this city, aged 35.
Same place, on the 29th Oct., Mr. John C. Andrews, formerly editor of the "Pittsburgh Statesman."
Same place, on the 5th inst., G. W. Woodman, a native of Durham, N.H., aged 34.
At Charleston, on the 17th, Susan R., wife of Moses H. Crimmet, of this city, aged 31.
At New York, on the 25th, Miss Harriet, daughter of Thomas Rockwell, Esq., Captain of the Ontario Branch Bank, aged 25.
At Brooklyn, on the 24th inst., Mr. Sam'l Harris, aged 76.
At Pontiac, Co., Arkansas, White, aged 50; and John Wheeler, aged 75—both soldiers of the Revolution.

GENERAL AGENTS—For this Publication.

Edmund Potts, city of New York; Chester Wallbridge, Columbus, Ohio; E. Schuyler & Son, Nashua, N.H.; Wm. T. Williams, Book-keeper, Savannah, Georgia; Colman, Holden & Co., Portland, Me.; and George W. Whitehead, Postmaster, Bedford, Upper Canada.
The following persons will also receive subscriptions; and all Postmasters are enumerated in this list, to whom it may be agreeable to request to do so, and retain ten per cent. of the money paid them, as a remuneration for their trouble—C. Livingston, Hudson; Postmaster, Catskill; J. Hoadley, Albany and Troy; J. H. Ralston, Utica; Dep. Postmaster, Syracuse; Dep. Postmaster, Auburn; Dep. Postmaster, Ithaca; Dep. Postmaster, Buffalo; Postmasters, Lewiston and Youngstown—State of N.Y.; J. Coffey, Coffee House, Philadelphia; S. J. Sylvester, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Wm. Porter, 41 South Street, Baltimore; Garrett Anderson, Washington City; Postmaster, Alexandria; J. Baker, Port-au-Prince, Haiti; C. H. Noddy, Postmaster, Richmond and Petersburg, Va.; Postmasters, Fayetteville and Wilmington, N.C.; Postmasters, H. B. Sellers, Charleston, Columbia, and Camden, S.C.; Richards & Ganett, Augusta, Ga.; Postmasters, Milledgeville, Clinton, Macon, and Columbus, Ga.; Postmasters, Montgomery, Selma, and Clifton, Ala.; Osborne & Smith, Mobile; E. Jones & Co., N. Orleans; Postmasters, Phenixburg, St. Louisville, and Bates, Kansas, La.; Natchez and Yazoo, Miss.; Louisville, Ky.; A. Kennedy, Lexington, Ky.; Geo. E. H. Day, Princeton, O.; Postmaster, Detroit, Mich.; Geo. W. Wheeler, Providence, R.I.; John Panchard, Boston; H. H. Wood, Lowell; Postmaster, Taunton, Mass.; John Balkum, Postmaster, Rollinsford; Harlan Foster, Esq., New York; C. S. Young, St. John, N.B.; Hy. B. Allison, Birmingham, N.B.; Dr. J. P. Brown, Halifax, N.S.; H. Thompson, Esq., Quebec; Hy. Jones, Postmaster, Brockville; D. Proulx, Kingston; J. S. Howard, P. M., York, U.C.; Ambrose Gosling, Montreal; Anthony Atwood, St. George's; John A. M. Gilbert, Ireland Island, Bermuda; I. Bettele, Bassin, St. Croix; David & Latimer, St. Thomas.

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The Reporter is published every Wednesday evening, and is given and sent gratis to all who deal with Sylvesters.

Official drawing of the New York Lottery, Class No. 45, Dec. 5:—9—53—69—24—35—17—1—57—2—41.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND LIFE IN NEW YORK.

THE proprietors of the New York Traveller having purchased from Mr. James D. Armstrong the copyright of the above paper, respectfully announce that they will issue it on the accustomed day, conjointly with the Traveller. The union of the two papers will, it is hoped, afford satisfaction to the patrons of each. It is the determination of the proprietors to furnish, with zealous industry, a print acceptable to all, without losing sight of the features by which each, thus amalgamated, are characterized. Mr. Porter, the former proprietor of the Spirit of the Times, is engaged, and will render his valuable aid in his peculiar department. Other arrangements have been made which will, it is trusted, tend to place the paper, in its conjoined character, on a footing of inviting respectability.

HUNT & ADAMS, 20 Nassau-street.
N.B. Subscribers and advertisers to the "Spirit of the Times" will please take notice that all dues must be paid to the proprietors of the Traveller, or their authorized agents, nov. 25.

J. P. DE ROSE, Surgeon Dentist, 15 Beekman-st. (late 195 Fulton), continues to set teeth of every description, from one to an entire set; and also performs the various operations on the teeth and gums on scientific principles. June 9-6m.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren-st. near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

in imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable colour, and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR, highly recommended by many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application. The use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M.D., D. W. Kissam, Jr., M.D., Amariah Wright, M.D., and John C. Cheesman, M.D. June 6-6m.

CLINTON LUNCH.

Corner of Liberty street and Broadway.

THE Proprietors of this establishment, which has been opened since May last, in consequence of the unparalled support they have received, are induced to come before the public with their best thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on them, and to assure them that instead of relaxing in their exertions to please, (which is too much the case with many who undertake to conduct similar establishments,) they are stimulated to increased exertions, if possible, and are determined to persevere in the same straight-forward path in which they have commenced, hoping thereby to deserve a continuance of that support which they have hitherto so liberally been favoured with. The undersigned being averse to all kinds of common place puffing, have been determined that this establishment should rise or fall by its own merits or demerits; and as they have now been six months fairly before the public, and that public having continued daily to increase its patronage, they are justified in presuming that the course they have pursued in conducting this establishment has been generally approved; and as a proof of their determination to spare no pains or expense in improving and enlarging the same from time to time, as circumstances may require, for the public accommodation, they have now to announce that they have at a very considerable expense fitted up and handsomely furnished an extra Dining Room on the first floor, which was opened to the public on Thursday the 8th inst. the entrance to which is from No. 76 Liberty-st. The proprietors will now be enabled to get up Dinners and Suppers for private parties, of all the delicacies of the season, in a style equal to any establishment in the city, at the shortest notice. Their Wines and Liquors will be as usual continue to be chosen from the oldest and most choice stocks in the city, and the personal exertions of the proprietors will be continued, and their best efforts exerted to please, and to deserve public patronage. The Ordinary, as usual, will be conducted on the most liberal principles. Hot Coffee and Tea at all hours, from 7 in the morning till 12 at night. Oysters of the best quality, in all their varieties, and Soups of every description at all times. [Nov. 10-c] GOULD & ATKINS.

BOOKSELLERS, JEWELLERS, AND DEALERS IN FINE FANCY GOODS.

NEAT AND GOOD ARTICLE.

IN THIS LINE (WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST) FOR RETAILING, ARE INFORMED THAT THEY CAN ALWAYS PROCURE AT THE OLD STAND, A CHOICE SUPPLY OF FINE POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, &c. From the subscriber's GREAT ASSORTMENT OF 170 KINDS.

Wholesale and retail—At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 50 cents to 40 dollars per dozen.

LOOK FOR BUSSING & CO. Manufacturers, 71 WILLIAM-STREET, NEW YORK.

FRENCH CHLORINE PHARMACUM.

FOR the cure of gleet and urthritis or gonorrhea, without the use of internal medicines, in both sexes. It also cleans and heals all foul ulcers, wherever they may be situated, cures skin rheum, and removes all hepetic eruptions from the skin. From late discoveries and experiments, the author considers this Compound of Chlorine the most important improvement in the cure of gonorrhea that has yet been offered to the public. Its effects in the inflamed membrane of the urethra is to destroy the poison that keeps up the discharge and inflammation. The tedious method of taking various medicines internally for this local disease is unnecessary and vexatious. Simple gonorrhea, and all the troublesome affections arising from the old method of cure will be removed by the use of this injection in a few days, without a single dose of medicine internally. Directions must at the same time be explicitly adhered to.—Sold wholesale and retail by

JAMES H. HART, mar. 21. Cor. Broadway and Chambers-st. N.Y.

ALL OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH

PERFORMED on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill. Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping with gold, platinum, vegetable paste, metallic paste, silver or tin. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus, (tartar,) hence removing that peculiar disgusting fetor of the breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost care and safety, and old stumps, fangs or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gum piles, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

Patent Aromatic Paste Dentrifice, for cleansing, beautifying, and preserving the teeth.

Imperial Compound Chlorine Balsamic Lotion, for hardening, strengthening, restoring, and renovating the gums.

CURE FOR TOOTH-ACHE.

Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, the only Specific ever offered to the public, from which a radical and permanent cure may be obtained, of that disagreeable, tormenting, excruciating pain, the Tooth-Ache.

The original certificate of the Patentee, from which the following extracts are taken, may be seen at the subscriber's Office, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York.

"The subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has communicated a knowledge of the ingredients of which his celebrated Tooth-Ache Drops are pharmaceutically and chemically compounded, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, who will always have a supply of the genuine article on hand, of the subscriber's own preparing. And the subscriber most cordially and earnestly recommends to any and every person afflicted with diseased teeth, or suffering the excruciating torments of the tooth-ache, to call as above, and have the disease eradicated, and the pain forever and entirely removed. This medicine not only cures the tooth-ache, but also arrests the progress of decay in teeth, and where teeth are diseased and decaying, and so extremely sensitive to the touch as not to bear the necessary pressure for stopping or filling, by (say a few days) previous application of this medicine, the teeth may be plugged in the firmest manner, and without pain. As to the cure of the tooth-ache there ever have been and ever will be, sceptics; but to the suffering patient, even one application of this medicine will often give entire relief, as thousands of living witnesses can now testify, and where the medicine is carefully and properly applied, it is believed it will never fail of its intended effect. In conclusion, the subscriber assures the public, that White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, prepared by himself, Thomas White, the Patentee, can, at all times, in any quantity, be obtained in its utmost purity, of Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York. THOMAS WHITE, Patentee of Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops."

"New-York, 8th mo. 24th, 1830."

Recommendations at length cannot be expected in the confined limits of a circular; it must therefore suffice to observe, that these drops receive the decided and unqualified approbation of the medical faculty, of eminent scientific individuals, of the public at large; of the savans of Europe, among whom may be mentioned Sir Astley Cooper, Professor Bell, Dr. Parr, and many of the nobility of London and Paris.

The subscriber, in his practice as a Dentist Surgeon, having extensively used in the cure of the Tooth-Ache, Thomas White's "Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops," and with decided success, he can recommend it, when genuine, as superior to any other remedy now before the public: If obtained of the subscriber and applied according to the accompanying "Directions for using," a cure is guaranteed. JONATHAN DODGE, No. 5 Chambers-street, N. Y.

CARD.

A. P. FONDA, having disposed of his interest in the Merchant's Hotel to Mr. Isaac M. Hall, (late of the Franklin House, New-Haven, Conn.) respectfully begs leave to tender his grateful acknowledgments to the guests of the establishment, for their liberal patronage while conducted by Mr. Thurston and himself.

Mr. Fonda solicits his personal friends to continue their patronage to the establishment, as under its present management he is confident a more efficient Host takes his place. Sept. 26th, 1832.

N.B.—All demands due to or from the firm of Thurston & Fonda, will be settled by Henry Thurston.

A. P. FONDA, HENRY THURSTON

Oct. 1-6m.

PATENT SCOTCH ICH OINTMENT.

THE only medicine in the world that cures the most inveterate Itch in one night. For pleasantness, expedition, ease and certainty, it is infinitely superior to any other medicine for the cure of the Itch; it is so certain in its operation, that it has never failed in any instance whatever of effectually curing that disagreeable disorder by one application only, though applied to many thousands in the United States. It does not contain the least particle of mercury, but may be applied with the greatest safety to the most delicate lady, or the tenderest infant. One box is a cure for a grown person, and divided, cures two children. For sale by the proprietor's sole agent in New York, NATHAN B. GRAHAM, Nov. 24. 38 Cedar, cor. William st.